BEHIND CRIPPS' INDIA MISSION

A London cable by Claude Cockburn

NEW MASSES

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Earl Browder by Hugo Gellert. Support the Free Earl Browder Congress March 28-29, New York City

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MEMO TO MR. CROMWELL

The issue is freedom of the press. By the Editors.

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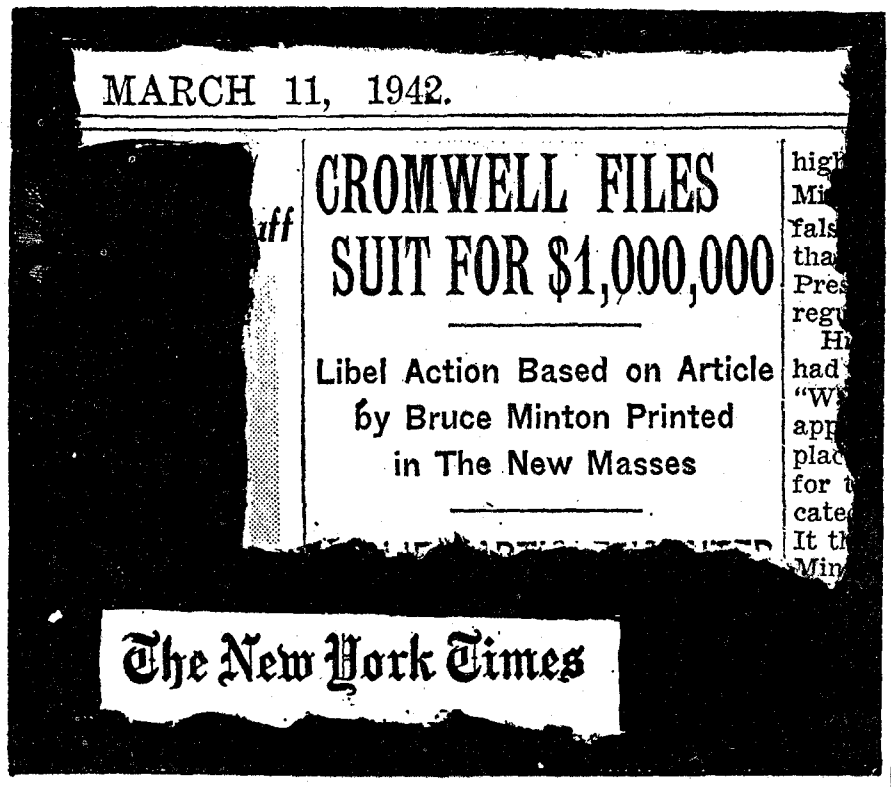
NEW MASSES

VOLUME XLII MARCH 24 NUMBER 12



MARCH 11, 1942.

CROMWELL FILES SUIT FOR $1,000,000

Libel Action Based on Article by Bruce Minton Printed in The New Masses

The New York Times

THE WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1942

Cromwell Seeks to Sue 'New Masses' to Death

Dear Reader:

As soon as the above headlines appeared, many of our readers—and others—called us to say they are behind NEW MASSES. They understood those headlines for what they are worth: the life of this magazine is at stake. They understood Mr. Cromwell's intentions—to sue this magazine out of existence. "Sue it to death" is the phrase. Our friends who called said they wanted to see NEW MASSES live.

Where do you stand? We know your answer will be "We want to see NEW MASSES live." And we must ask you, "What will you DO to help it live?"

Do you fully realize that this magazine is in the greatest peril of its history? Not only must it meet an increased deficit—$40,000—as we explained last week, but now it must also meet the expensive costs of litigation. There are lawyers' fees to be paid, all the costly preparations necessary to fight Mr. Cromwell's desire to kill NEW MASSES.

All this now, in addition to meeting the threats of the paper company, the printer, the engraver. Our financial situation was urgent enough before the suit, but now it becomes immediately perilous.

To whom can we turn for help in this crisis if not to you? You do NOT agree with wealthy Mr. Cromwell who wants to destroy this magazine.

Are you taking action to ensure NEW MASSES' life?

In the last analysis, YOU are the jury which will decide the life or death of your magazine. It is in the balance, now, today.

What is your verdict?

The Editors.

(Fill in blank on page 26.)

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By the Editors

WHAT MR. CROMWELL CONVENIENTLY FORGOT

"CONGRESS shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. . . ." Out of America's war for independence, out of the fight of the common people against Federalist reaction, those words were born, the Bill of Rights' precious guarantee that Americans could speak and write as free men. Today we are engaged in a new momentous war to defend that right and our independence, and to establish, together with the nations united with us, "freedom of speech and expression" as one of the four freedoms everywhere in the world. Whoever, therefore, undermines that freedom in our own land, whoever seeks to deprive our country's defenders of weapons against the enemy, injures the cause of America and of the world.

This is apropos the attempt being made by James H. R. Cromwell, millionaire ex-minister to Canada, to use the libel laws in order to silence an anti-Axis organ, NEW MASSES. Mr. Cromwell is offended because he was mentioned in Bruce Minton's article in our February 24 issue exposing the Washington Cliveden set. Judging from the reaction of readers throughout the country, that article performed a distinguished public service. This magazine intends to continue making it hot for the appeasers, whether they gather in Washington salons or in Chicago office buildings. And we are quite willing to take the word of President Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey that the Cliveden set exists and is a menace.

Since Mr. Cromwell charges us with libel and seeks $1,000,000 in damages, it is pertinent to recall that in the long history of the struggle to establish freedom of the press in this country and in England, libel laws have repeatedly been used by anti-democratic forces to suppress publications and writers whose ideas they found objectionable. Daniel Defoe was imprisoned, and Sir Richard Steele, the collaborator of Addison, was expelled from Parliament on libel charges based on writings in which they championed progressive Whig principles against Toryism. One of the great landmarks in the struggle for a free press and democracy is the case of John Wilkes of London, who in 1763 published an article in his newspaper, the *North Briton,* criticizing George III's message to Parliament. Wilkes was arrested for libel and committed to the Tower. He was released on a writ of habeas corpus and criminal proceedings were started against him for libel and sedition. But the people made his cause their own and four times elected him to the House of Commons, only to have him expelled each time. Finally the House was compelled to seat him, and Wilkes became one of the most ardent defenders of the cause of America.

EARLIER, in 1734, America had its own "Wilkes case" when John Peter Zenger, printer and editor of the New York *Weekly Journal,* was arrested for libel because his paper had attacked Gov. William Cosby. The case stirred widespread interest and two of Zenger's lawyers were disbarred, but finally in a dramatic trial he was acquitted. Gouverneur Morris in later years described the Zenger case as "the germ of American freedom." It was this and similar struggles that led the people to insist on the inclusion in the Constitution of a Bill of Rights guaranteeing freedom of the press and other liberties. Within a few years, however, this constitutional guarantee had to be fought for anew. Under the Sedition Act, which sought to use the old English doctrine of seditious libel to establish a Federalist dictatorship, editors of papers that supported Jefferson were jailed for any criticism of President John Adams, Congress, or the government's policies. An outstanding case was that of Matthew Lyon, a Vermont editor and member of Congress, who was imprisoned for four months and fined $1,000 for criticizing the President.

Our history is filled with similar instances of the misuse of libel laws in order to attack freedom of the press. Only the other day, on March 5, the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court dismissed a libel suit of Rep. Edwin A. Hall of New York against the Binghamton Press Co. because of editorials criticizing his vote against the lend-lease bill. A passage in the concurring opinion of Justice F. Walter Bliss is worth quoting:

"When safety of the nation is at stake, strong men do not mince matters, and neither the citizen nor his representative can be squeamish about it. It is the right of a free press to criticize severely, and of a free citizenry to speak plainly to and of its representative. Great issues require strong language."

James H. R. Cromwell does not happen to hold office at this time, but no one can deny that this man, who was formerly minister to Canada and in 1940 a candidate for United States senator, is a public figure. As such his political activities and associations cannot be considered immune from criticism. And "great issues require strong language."

That Mr. Cromwell's suit is a mere pretext for an attempt to suppress NEW MASSES has been openly admitted by him. In a letter to the Washington *Post* and New York *Herald Tribune* of March 3 he declared: "I am sure it is needless for me to say that if the NEW MASSES should voluntarily cease publication I should be more than pleased to conclude my efforts to compel it to cease by law." And in an interview in the Washington *Daily News* of March 4 he said: "Closing down the magazine is my real desire." So might George III have said of John Wilkes' *North Briton.* So might Governor Cosby have said of John Peter Zenger's New York *Weekly Journal.* So might Adolph Hitler say today of every American newspaper and magazine that fights uncompromisingly against the Axis and all its accomplices.

Let there be no mistake about it: *if Cromwell succeeds in closing down* NEW MASSES, *no other publication is safe.* Yes, even those papers that disapprove most strongly of NEW MASSES depend on our winning this suit for the protection of their right to approve or disapprove. It is not merely NEW MASSES that is on trial; *it is the entire free press.* And the real issue is the right of any newspaper or magazine to expose and attack the Cliveden set or any other enemies of our country. We are determined to wage this fight in the spirit of Wilkes and Zenger. Our country's war of liberation demands nothing less.

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THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

BEHIND CRIPPS' INDIA MISSION

London (by cable).

THE circumstances under which Cripps decided to accept the suggestion that he go to India were not auspicious. Least pleasant of all was the announcement—on the eve of the decision to send him to negotiate—that the government was acting to some extent under a direct threat of "revolt." Allegedly this threat was cabled by Mohammed Ali Jinnah, head of the so-called Moslem League, and tossed like a hand grenade into the War Cabinet meeting. It was a pitiable thing that this Jinnah threat should actually have been presented in the British press without contradiction from any official source. Everyone knows that Jinnah and his League do not represent more than a fraction of the Moslem population of India. Everyone also knows that the League itself is not united behind Jinnah. So that everyone naturally asks himself just why the British government, so firm and tough in the face of the pleas and suggestions of the Indian National Congress, should suddenly decide to go on paying this great deference to Jinnah. They could hardly be more anxious to please him, it would seem, if Jinnah—instead of representing some Moslem landowners and usurers—really was acting for all those elements in London who do not want to see a situation in which a Declaration of Independence for a strong central government in India will become inevitable.

NATURALLY the character of the "plan" which Cripps is taking with him to India is a strict secret. It is no secret that during the discussion of various alternative plans within the past three weeks, there were those who suggested that the thing to do was to concentrate exclusively on the strategic aspects of the Indian problem, leaving the "political and constitutional" aspects to look after themselves for the time being. It would not be difficult to imagine that the British government had on the whole found refuge in the notion that after all the major strategical considerations and objectives can be achieved without solution of any major political problems. That would be perfectly in character. To believe in such nonsense is the sort of temptation to which elements in the British government are particularly vulnerable. Let us hope that it is otherwise. However, we recall that both Mr. Clement Attlee and Sir John Anderson were certainly among those more or less unofficially mandated by their supporters to keep any proposals that might be made on an even keel. And we are probably—if we reflect upon the character and political abilities of Clement Attlee and Sir John Anderson—immune from serious disappointment.

The question then asks itself, as the French say, just what effect will this have on Cripps' position? There are people who believe that in some sense Cripps has been "put on the spot." Personally I do not think there is any evidence of that. I think that Cripps did not actually propose going to India at this stage—though he had originally planned and hoped to be there for some time after his return from Moscow. But I have good reason for believing that when the proposal was made to him, Cripps accepted it with enthusiasm. There are those who imagine that, first, Cripps will have a crashing failure in India, and that, secondly, this failure will have a serious effect upon his position here.

The first premise, of course, depends on just what is in the secret government plan—assuming that there really is a plan and that its whole development is not still dependent on what Cripps turns up. Obviously if the plan is, on the one hand, a large-scale concession to Jinnah and his plan for a partitioning of India, plus some absurd promise of "dominion status after the war," the plan is perfectly useless and Cripps cannot possibly get Indian agreement. But one must not assume that Cripps' political position here would necessarily collapse as a result of such a failure. On the morning of Cripps' decision to leave for India, a close friend of his pointed out to me with a certain acumen that, "Whether he fails in India or not, it is

Cockburn on Cliveden

IT SEEMS NEW MASSES is being sued for its exposure of the American Cliveden set. I can understand that people whose actions tended to resemble in any way those of our own dear Lady Astor might grab instinctively at a libel suit, in the event of anyone being tactless enough to point out the resemblance. I can sympathize with the victims of such a suit through the courts. Because I was the first person to uncover, smoke out, and present impaled upon a pin the British Cliveden set, I was threatened with a number of libel actions running well above the two-score mark. Most of them were based on the theory that there was no such animal as the Cliveden set. I was reminded of the remark once made to me at the Morgan office in New York by Thomas W. Lamont who, disclaiming all knowledge of the existence in 1931 of anything in the nature of a "power trust," said: "There is no trust, no conspiracy; it is just that a few of the bankers and those interested in electric power are standing around in a cooperative frame of mind."

I suppose there is nobody now who would even attempt to deny the existence or the disastrous character of the policy that came to be known as the Cliveden set in Britain. I know from personal experience that there are many today who admit that they were only too anxious to be hooked and played for suckers by persons who romped with Herr von Ribbentrop amid the immemorial elms and the Ascot skirts in the good old days. I suppose there are no more bitter men in England than these. It is comforting to reflect that because of the timely exposure of the Cliveden set in Britain its dangerous ramifications were to some extent cut short. Anyone performing the same service in America is to be congratulated.

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likely that in the meantime a situation can arise here in which people may once again feel that the best thing to do would be to recall Cripps. It may be felt that if only Cripps had not been absent in India at the moment, he would have prevented the rest of the War Cabinet doing what it has done." It must be realized that in the lobbies of the House of Commons there is fairly common assumption that—for reasons which unfortunately do not seem to be under our control—events can occur in the near future which may produce within a few months a government crisis somewhat more serious than the one of a few weeks ago. It may be taken for granted that the old line Labor Party leadership will attempt to use this crisis to remove Cripps from a position which they regard—and in conversation openly declare to be—insulting to them. It is equally true that there are forces on the extreme right who would also be glad to be rid of Cripps and who cherish hopes of some sort of grand counter-attack at the moment of "the next crisis." On the other hand, Cripps retains, for the time being, his enormous prestige in the country as the man who—as is commonly believed—"made" the Anglo-Soviet alliance. And there are plenty of important and realistic people in the Conservative Party who conceive that since, without question, Cripps is today a greater figure than Churchill in the eyes of the mass of the people of this country, it might after all be possible for the moderate Conservatives to come to some sort of "arrangement" with Cripps.

I do not have the impression that Cripps would necessarily be hostile to such an arrangement. And it is at least certain that he and his associates are filled with a considerable optimism as to the prospects of Cripps'—regardless of what happens in India—being able to retain and even to increase the power which he has already attained.

It may be noted that those Labor Party backbenchers who have for years specially interested themselves in the Indian problem have received the Cripps' mission with a perhaps exaggerated scepticism and even cynicism. They imagine that all this is perhaps nothing but a new delaying tactic. On the other hand, these particular backbenchers are somewhat hamstrung by the fact that they, while tacitly criticizing Cripps, are also in sharp conflict with the executive of the Labor Party, so that it is hard for them to figure out just how to attack the one without supporting the other. The position is of importance because it is perfectly clear that a major crisis, a crisis of real gravity, is developing within the ranks of the Labor Party. And it is not unlikely that India will prove the deciding factor in a development which is of the greatest possible importance for the internal political situation here.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

Soviet workers reconstructing a plant after it was transferred from the battle area.

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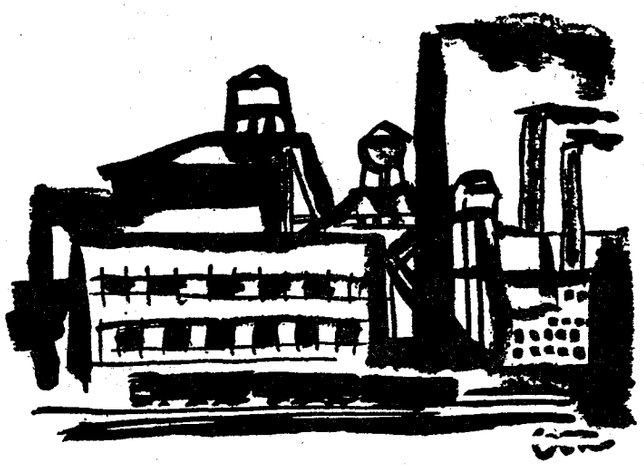
IS CONGRESS IN THE WAR?

The House and Senate have yet to grapple with the stern tasks before the country. Poll-tax politicians who obstruct a victory policy. A survey by A. B. Magil.

ON MARCH 11 the House of Representatives summed up the case against itself: it voted, 331 to 46, to continue the Dies committee. The Dies vote synthesized a whole complex of political attitudes that threaten to convert Congress not merely into a forum of futility, but an obstacle to the successful waging of the most momentous war in our history. The Senate, it is true, has done nothing quite as scandalous as the Dies vote, yet its record since December 7 shines only feebly by comparison. The fact is we are trying to fight a desperate all-out war for survival with a Congress dominated by politics-as-usual, by petty feuding, sniping and obstructionism. It is like driving a car with the brakes on.

Consider the vote on Dies. The Texas congressman is something more than a zany, as Secretary of the Interior Ickes once called him. And he is more than a political Ponzi shamelessly goldbricking the country—though he is plenty of that. *The Dies committee is an auxiliary of the Axis.* It has shielded known fascists and politically disarmed the country by focusing attention on a false enemy: Communists and other progressives whose militant anti-fascism has been Dies' chief grievance against them. That is why Dies, as the Federal Communications Committee confirmed, is among the Americans most frequently quoted with approval by the Berlin radio. That is why he has received the accolades of the Nazi Bund, the Ku Klux Klan, the Silver Shirts, Father Coughlin, and assorted varieties of native fascists and anti-Semites. The issue is not whether the majority of the House oppose Communism—nobody doubts that they do. The issue is not whether they consider Dies a fraud or a man of integrity. The issue is whether they will act to strengthen national unity and help America win the war. For to vote for Dies and permit predatory lobbies to create discord on other issues is to pave with good intentions the road that may lead to an Axis-dominated world.

Undoubtedly, the great majority of the members of Congress want victory for this country. Besides the forty-six courageous men who voted against Dies, there are many others in both houses who merely require firm leadership and a more active expression of the popular desire in order to end the bickering and turn to constructive work. The fact is, nevertheless, that the record of Congress since December 7 has been appalling. Instead of rising to the occasion, sloughing off the old habits, and becoming a powerful instrument for articulating and guiding the national will, Congress, after an interlude of about ten days, reverted to its usual self, a collection of jealous blocs rather than a unified parliament grappling with the stern tasks of war. Both houses have voted military and naval funds readily—as they did before December 7—as well as other direct war measures, but in the indispensable work of organizing the nation's economy and its civilian activity a great deal of time has been spent in throwing monkey wrenches into the machinery. This has not only deprived the country of the positive contribution it ought to expect from Congress, but it has compelled President Roosevelt, who should be devoting all his attention to the larger problems of strategy and leadership, to divert precious energy to Congressional maneuvers in order to prevent his program from being completely immobilized.



The appeasers have, of course, been eager to muddy whatever waters they could. But they have been aided and abetted by other reactionaries in both major parties who have not let the world struggle that will decide life or death for America stand in the way of their devotion to selfish minority interests. The action on price control is typical. Six months were consumed in wrangling and evasion while living costs mounted and the danger of inflation grew. Not till more than six weeks after Pearl Harbor was a bill finally passed. But in the name of keeping prices down it actually sought to guarantee a boost in the cost of the largest item in the family budget: food, though food prices had already risen about twenty percent since the fall of 1939. And it required considerable pressure on the part of the administration to eliminate provisions from the bill that would have made it even more objectionable.

Or consider the depredations of the "economy" bloc. For years these gentlemen have been sharpening their axes. Now with America at war, they see an opportunity to deliver the coup de grace to the New Deal social reforms on the plea that every penny must be spent on the weapons of war. And so, only a little over two weeks after the Japanese struck, Senator Byrd, the Virginia poll-tax's contribution to American statesmanship, urged Congress to engineer a domestic Pearl Harbor. In the report of his Committee on Non-Essential Expenditures he proposed to win the war by depriving millions of Americans of a large part of their stake in it. About $1,750,000,000 were to be carved out of living standards (with an equivalent loss to morale) through the abolition of the Farm Security Administration, the Farm Tenant Program, the Civilian Conservation Corps, the drastic reduction of WPA and other schemes for impairing the all-decisive *human* factor in this war. Senator Byrd gave the cue to the wolf-pack that later mangled the cultural features of the OCD program, that voted down every proposal to aid the hundreds of thousands of workers thrown out of jobs by plant conversion, that now is assaulting the appropriations for the Farm Security Administration, soil conservation and the Farm Tenant Program. At the same time what is mistakenly known as the farm bloc, a group whose concern is only for the wealthy farmers, insists on assuring further exorbitant rises in food prices by prohibiting the government from selling its reserves of agricultural commodities below parity.

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What has Congress done about the paramount problem of war production? In fairness it should be said that a real contribution to solving this problem has been made by two Congressional agencies, the Senate's Truman committee investigating the national defense program and the House's Tolan committee investigating defense labor migration. Both have spotlighted business-as-usual practices and have helped materially in making possible the progress that has been made in recent weeks. Yet this does not diminish the essential lack of interest and lack of leadership shown by Congress as a whole on the production front. It was not in Congress that the uprising against Knudsenism developed, nor did Congress lead the way in urging larger participation for labor in order to expand production. The fact is that the day after Donald Nelson made his recent broadcast proposing joint management-labor production committees and other measures to stimulate output, his proposals were not so much as mentioned on the floor of the House (the Senate was not in session that day).

At bottom the trouble is that this is a pre-war Congress elected in a different political situation and still thinking and acting in terms of yesterday. The roots of this Congress go back even further. The two years prior to the outbreak of World War II may be said to have marked a cumulative Munich at home, during which a reactionary bi-partisan coalition in Congress succeeded in frustrating the President's domestic program and blocking the policy of quarantining the aggressors that might have prevented war. In May 1938 the Dies committee was born; in February 1939 Congress defeated a proposal to fortify Guam. These two events, separated in time and apparently unrelated, had, nevertheless, a deep inner connection. They were expressions of the developing Munich mood, of that compound of appeasement and anti-democracy disguised as anti-Communism which proved fatal to more than one European nation. The retreat toward disaster manifested itself in the 1938 elections in the gains made by tory Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats. This was the Congress which so greatly misread the portents of the times that it defeated all efforts to lift the arms embargo prior to the outbreak of hostilities. The Roosevelt administration itself was not entirely without blame. One recalls the Spanish embargo and other instances of appeasing the appeasers. And even today President Roosevelt fails to speak out against Dies and acknowledges the strength of the appeasement forces by keeping Earl Browder in jail.

The 1940 elections, held in the midst of war in Europe and Asia, brought no important change in the character of the dominant Congressional groups. This character is evident from the fact that on the eve of the Japanese attack and with the Nazi armies approaching Moscow, the bill to repeal the chief remaining provisions of the Neutrality Act scraped through in the House by the narrow margin of eighteen out of 406 votes and in the Senate by thirteen out of eighty-seven votes. The country was about to receive the impact of the Axis assault, but the blind men on Capitol Hill saw nothing.

It was during the debate on the Neutrality Act that southern members of the House put on their astonishing exhibition of attempted blackmail, threatening to vote against repeal unless the government got behind anti-strike legislation. Out of vengeful class hate they were ready to place the nation's security on the chopping-block. The behavior of these small-bore politicians served to highlight an important facet of the problem the country faces: the incompatibility of the poll-tax and of poll-tax congressmen—who exercise a disproportionate influence in Congress—with a victory policy.

One must ask whether even big business can afford the

Reactionaries—as usual

Smiths and Coxes who would rather lose the war than have labor and the Negro people win democracy. In the pre-war days, when the conflict between capital and labor overshadowed everything else, it is easy to understand why the tycoons of finance and industry regarded these gentlemen with affectionate eyes. But today, when representatives of management sit with representatives of the CIO and AFL in the War Labor Board, when in many cases they collaborate to increase production in the factories, Cox, Smith, Hoffman, and their ilk are costly anachronisms that jeopardize the interests not only of the common people, but of the majority of the capitalists themselves. It is obvious that a situation in which two key posts, the chairmanship of the Senate Military Affairs and Naval Affairs Committees, are held by appeasers, Senators Reynolds and Walsh, is definitely dangerous to the country. But no less dangerous is continued acceptance of leadership from men like Dies, Smith, Byrd and Tydings. President Roosevelt has indicated his desire for the election of a different kind of Congress, composed of men who, regardless of party, can be counted on to support the government. And Wendell Willkie has seconded the motion. There are already such men in both houses—high honors go particularly to Representatives Marcantonio and Eliot who led the fight against Dies. They and others like them constitute a nucleus for a much needed job of political retooling. America must have a victory Congress, imbued with a sense of the grandeur of this war, with a total devotion to its objectives and a passion for democracy. November is not too far off to start thinking and planning in terms of a united political offensive, with the labor movement as the spearhead, to elect that kind of Congress.

A. B. MAGIL.

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L'ATTAQUE, TOUJOURS, L'ATTAQUE

The offensives that can win the war. Potential invasion points in Europe. The opinions of Lieut.-Col. W. F. Kernan and Major George F. Eliot.

IT IS quite clear that Hitler's military block forged into a temporarily homogeneous entity can be cracked only by an equally mighty hammer and anvil. The hammer alone may deliver devastating blows, but if there is no anvil, the block will simply be imbedded deeper into the soft soil but not destroyed.

The Red Army and the Soviet Union's material and moral might are the hammer. The Allies—Britain and the United States principally—must provide the anvil. But an anvil which is not passive. An anvil which comes up to meet the blow of the hammer.

In other words, Germany must be made to fight on two fronts. The second front must be a real one, not a front of a few divisions as in Libya. And it must be established in Europe, not somewhere in the colonies or semi-colonies. The great blow must be directed at the monstrosity's lair, not at one of the ramifications of its subterranean tunnels. This is the fundamental *grand strategy* the Allies must adopt if they, and humanity in general, are to live and develop in the next generations.

IN THIS conviction we are happily not alone. Thank heaven for the fact that in times when the press is cluttered with the drivel of the Baldwins, Pratts, Limpuses, and such keyboard soldiers, two men who are real soldiers have spoken up.

We mean Lieut.-Col. W. F. Kernan and Major George Fielding Eliot. The former has written a book, *Defense Will Not Win the War*. The latter has written an article in *Look* which is prophetically called "Our Coming Invasion of Europe." Kernan's book has great qualities and small defects. Its chief virtue lies in its direct, insistent, and forceful advocacy of an Allied Front in Europe. He says: ". . . the only hope for the Axis is in the chance that America, having persistently and stubbornly followed the wrong road for the last twenty years, will be unable to recognize the right road until it is too late to take it. So if we turn away from Japan, and towards Europe, with our armed might, Hitler is already defeated. If we move in time, he will be as pegged out, as staked down, as helpless to prevent an American offensive in Italy as England was to prevent the German attack in the Balkans."

Kernan, the soldier-philosopher, is direct and definite in his demands, but less so in his practical advice for the execution of his grand strategic plans. Maybe it is the philosopher who interferes a bit with the soldier. The book is a grand indictment of the "appeasers" in politics and the "defenders" in strategy. Kernan seems to have tacked over his desk Marshal Foch's famous: *"L'attaque, toujours, l'attaque!"* But in his offensive zeal, Kernan sometimes violates history. He often takes facts out of their time-setting and attending circumstances. Such, for example, is his indictment of Mahan's naval theory (the doctrine of supremacy of sea power) as wrong, without regard to the fact that it was evolved before the appearance of truly mass armies on the strategic checkerboard and of air power in the realm of tactics.

A few cases of lifting history out of "context," an incomplete understanding and oversight of Red Army strategy, the deification of Foch, and a straight-faced attitude toward such a traitor as Maxime Weygand—these are among the weaknesses of Kernan's book. Only too often is the soldier-realist concealed by the metaphysical smoke-screen of the idealist philosopher. But all this does not in the least detract from the great merit of a book which sounds like a trumpet call of "Boots and Saddles."

An earnest student of military affairs, and a real soldier (with whom this writer often disagrees, but whose opinions he respects), Major George Fielding Eliot has provided the badly needed *mise au point* of Lieutenant-Colonel Kernan's thesis. Kernan calls upon us to invade Europe in the general direction of Italy. He does not elaborate apart from the optimistic statement that 200,000 men as a starter would be enough, with a monthly ration of 200,000 more.

Major Eliot soberly and competently proceeds to explain in the simplest language how invasions are prepared and executed. Then he points out several possible routes. The lucidity of Eliot's thinking is manifest in the fact that he always thinks of *both hammer and anvil,* instead of forgetting the Soviet hammer and stressing only the Anglo-American anvil as Kernan does. Major Eliot says: "Can they (the Nazis) be attacked? Can they be beaten? The Russians have proved they can be. British and Americans can do the same." Again: "All we can do in this line (i.e. of invasion) will have to be coordinated with the Russians. We must give them the greatest help possible both in direct aid and in creating diversions." This is absolutely correct, even from a strictly professional military viewpoint.

From here on Major Eliot proceeds to evaluate five major avenues of possible attack: Scandinavia, Brittany-Normandy, Spain, Italy, and the Balkans. The three former directions lie across the open Atlantic lanes which, although infested by Axis submarines and partly patrolled by their aircraft, still are essentially wide open. The two latter directions are ensconced in the lands locking the Mediterranean.

Norway has few airdromes because of the nature of its terrain, and such as there are, are closely and powerfully guarded by the Germans. A Norwegian offensive would therefore be a hazardous operation. Any attempt here, while possible, would be followed by the *Gleichschaltung* of Sweden by Hitler. Major

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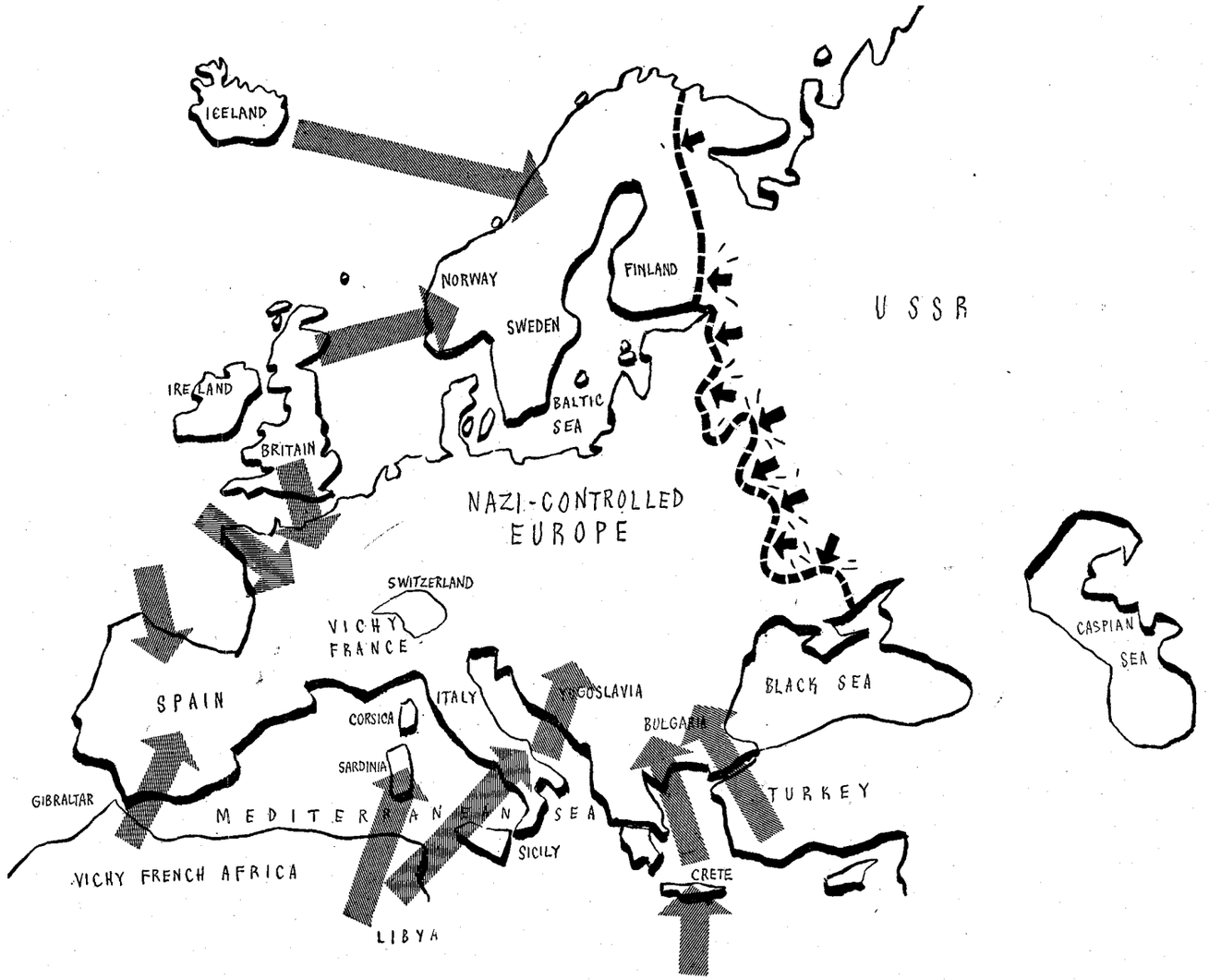

The possible points at which the Allies, particularly the United States and Britain, can invade Europe and face Hitler with a two-front war. Solid black arrows indicate the present Soviet front.

Eliot's optimistic opinion that "Sweden's excellently equipped army might give the Nazis a lot of trouble," dangerously resembles the old shibboleths about France having the "greatest army in the world" and the "most competent General Staff in the world." I am afraid that the hatred of Swedish military and ruling circles for the Soviet Union would negate the effect of the good Bofors guns the Swedish Army may (or may not) have. Second, the invasion of France would be far from easy, because it is here that it is most expected by the German High Command.

Spain looks like the most feasible of the lot, because it could be preceded by the dropping of arms to the Spanish people from parachutes. For example, the Veterans of the Lincoln, Thaelmann, Dombrovski, Garibaldi, and other brigades and battalions, and many more Englishmen and Americans would be only too happy to float down in parachutes with submachine-guns to the land where they and their comrades-in-arms tried to stop Hitler for over three years. A general uprising in Spain could be immediately followed by a full-scale invasion along a comparatively short sea route.

The Italian direction, so ardently advocated by Lieutenant-Colonel Kernan, would have been feasible *if* the British Imperial Army had reached the border of Tunisia. In the days of the Cunningham-Auchinleck offensive I wrote that a successful Libyan offensive must logically lead to the Brenner Pass. This opportunity has been missed, at least for the present.

The Balkan plan is just as difficult of execution, unless Turkey can be persuaded to lend its European *place d'armes* for a quick concentration of allied troops with air power. Of course, the Bulgarian people could be relied on to play their part, with Soviet help. At the same time fleets of transport planes with flying fortresses could land troops and weapons in Serbia for General Mikhalovich's men, and for a direct assault on Italy. Such a triple blow at the Balkans, supported by high pressure from Marshal Timoshenko's legions, definitely could be successful.

IT IS difficult to pick the spot for an invasion from an armchair in good old New York. But there is no doubt that an invasion of Europe is of paramount necessity. Maybe all five of Major Eliot's versions could be carried out simultaneously—the British Home Army striking at France, US troops striking at Norway (preceded by Norwegian patriots in parachutes), plus a thrust into Spain, British Imperial Middle Eastern troops striking at Bulgaria, and the Red Army striking everywhere from the hump of Scandinavia to the Crimean "diamond."

It *can* be done and it *should* be done. And it will be done if more people think in terms of Kernan's theory and Eliot's practice.

COLONEL T.

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The Supreme Court's Green Light

A decision in the Bethlehem case defines the government's war powers. Judicial sanction and total conversion. The Court versus the newspapers.

DISTURBING reports of profiteering in the shipbuilding section of war production and of the industry's continued resistance to total conversion make especially timely the opinion of the United States Supreme Court in the case of *United States of America vs. Bethlehem Steel and Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp.* It will probably come as a surprise to Mr. Donald Nelson that the judicial branch of the government has already given sanction to the ideas he projected in his memorable speech of March 2. Mr. Nelson could profitably use Mr. Justice Black's opinion (not the misleading newspaper versions) as the text of a follow-up speech directed especially at certain government and corporation officials, on the power of government to deal with their brand of interference with the production program.

The Bethlehem case goes back twenty-five years to a contract made by the United States government through one of its agencies, the Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corp. Although Congress had given the President power to commandeer plants and take over ships, leaving the question of price and profits to a later date, the Fleet Corporation chose to negotiate a complicated contract with Bethlehem. Says the Court: "And as in practically all contracts of this type there was no risk of loss."

Not only was Bethlehem guaranteed fixed profits; it was entitled, under a "half-savings" clause, to one-half of the difference between the original estimated cost and the final actual cost of the ships which it built. When the government refused to pay this "half-savings" profit, Bethlehem sued for $7,500,000. Years passed, during which hearings were held before a Special Master, whose findings were upheld by the Federal District Court and the decision was affirmed by the Circuit Court of Appeals. This decision awarded Bethlehem approximately $5,000,000 on its claim. The case reached the Supreme Court only a few months ago, upon the government's plea, through *certiorari,* for leave to come before it.

The government rested its appeal principally upon the astonishing argument that it had been coerced into making an unconscionable contract with Bethlehem, because it was at the corporation's mercy. Mr. Justice Black, writing the opinion for the majority of the Justices, firmly rejects this theory of governmental helplessness in time of war. With proper irony he states: ". . . this, so far as we know, is the first instance in which Government has claimed to be a victim of duress in dealing with an individual."

The Court was constrained to reject the government's contention that the contract was unconscionable because the profits were grossly excessive. Outrageous the profits undoubtedly were by the standards of the average patriotic American citizen; but the Court points out that they were nowise excessive according to the standards adopted by the government during the first world war. It was that kind of a war—a war-as-usual affording opportunities for profits-as-usual, which no enterprising monopoly could fail to take advantage of.

But the Court was not content merely to write a muckraking opinion on sordid profiteering of a period that is closed. Mr. Justice Black lifts the curtain on the past to draw some lessons for the present. He rejects the theory of government dependency upon the benevolence of any corporation and reiterates the proposition that a government at war possesses unlimited powers in its role as the nation's leader and must use them unhesitatingly. He makes clear that the problem of war production must be met squarely, both by the government and the industrial forces directly involved. When the country needs its total resources for a supreme effort, the solution cannot be a twenty-five-year law suit. When peremptory action is called for it must be exercised promptly, fearlessly, and uniformly. A government presents a woeful spectacle to the "little man" whom it has drafted, perhaps to die, when it pleads impotence when dealing with an industrial corporation.

"The Constitution grants to Congress power 'to raise and support Armies,' 'to provide and maintain a Navy,' and to make all laws necessary and proper to carry these powers into execution. Under this authority Congress can draft men for

OEM Photo

Tank Line

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battle service. *Selective Draft Law Cases,* 245 U. S. 366. Its power to draft business organizations to support the fighting men who risk their lives can be no less."

The Court's opinion brings into sharp relief some recent instances of vacillation. The long delay in achieving conversion is a hangover of a war-as-usual, business-as-usual psychology. More recently the dangerous temporizing over the Sojourner Truth Housing Project for the Negro people in Detroit is another manifestation of the same ailment. And the Court's warning has special meaning, because it may help to teach Bethlehem a necessary lesson. In an industry which has taken the lead in 24-hour production, Bethlehem is the single hold-out, refusing to operate its shipbuilding plant on the West Coast on more than one shift.

Fortunately, Mr. Donald Nelson's peremptory message on production and Attorney General Biddle's order for a Grand Jury investigation in Detroit are two signs that this is a different kind of war. Who stands in the way of the nation's victory today, will face the full power of the government which stands at the helm of the Ship of State.

"The problem of war profits is not new," concludes the Court. "In this country, every war we have been in has provided opportunities for profiteering and they have been too often scandalously seized. See Hearings before the House Committee on Military Affairs on H. R. 3 and H. R. 5293, 74th Cong., 1st Sess., 590-598. To meet this recurrent evil, Congress has at times taken various measures. It has authorized price fixing. It has placed a fixed limit on profits, or has recaptured high profits through taxation. It has expressly reserved for the Government the right to cancel contracts after they have been made. Pursuant to Congressional authority the Government has requisitioned existing production facilities or itself built and operated new ones to produce needed war materials. *It may be that one or some or all of these measures should be utilized more comprehensively or that still other measures must be devised.*" (Italics mine.—A. U.)

A drawing by M. Richter

Refugees

So CLEAR and significant is the main burden of the majority opinion that Mr. Justice Frankfurter's unwillingness to adopt it appears strange. His lengthy dissenting opinion of twenty pages constitutes a vehement defense of the government's production practices during the first world war and a sharp disagreement with the majority of his colleagues on the government's war powers against uncooperative corporations. In order to defend his position, Justice Frankfurter is prepared to argue not once but again and again that the government is weak and helpless in a period of war. Despite his denunciation of Bethlehem's greed (in which he merely echoes the majority) the logic of his opinion leads to the conclusion that the government, under the typical circumstances described by this case, is compelled to submit to any terms set by a profiteering corporation and that its only hope for redress lies in appeal to a righteous court twenty-five years later.

He makes the astonishing remark that:

"The legal alternative—that the Government take over Bethlehem—was not an actual alternative. . . ."

And that:

"During war time the bargaining position of Government contracting officers is inherently weak. . . ."

And:

"The Government is in . . . a dependent position."

He insists that "the unconscionable terms of this contract were forced upon the Government by the dire necessities of national self-preservation," rejecting the proposition that these very "dire necessities of national self-preservation" are the strongest compelling motive for the most stringent summary action by the government, brooking no interference from any corporation however powerful.

Justice Frankfurter is not unaware of the practical importance of his opinions at this time, for he addresses himself specifically to the problems of this war in reiterating the feebleness of the government. His words make his attitude clear:

"It is not difficult in these days to appreciate the position of . . . the Government in time of war and to realize how much the pressures of war deprive them of equality of bargaining power. . . . "

But it is this theory of "equality of bargaining power" which Mr. Justice Black and the majority reject as fallacious, because its acceptance would create insuperable difficulties to a total war effort.

It is not too speculative to suggest that Mr. Justice Frankfurter's views on the feebleness of government and equality of bargaining power are worth more than $5,000,000 to Bethlehem—that the corporation would gladly have lost the decision if only it could have won these views from the majority.

A study of this case would be incomplete without a summary of Mr. Justice Douglas' opinion. He comes closest to an approach which at one and the same time recognizes the government's war power and prevents unjust enrichment. He advances the argument that the facts of the case permit the conclusion that the "half-savings" clause between Bethlehem and the Fleet Corporation was an independent provision severable from the remainder of the contract. In such a case Bethlehem would not be entitled to the benefits of the clause unless it proved that it had given legal consideration therefor—in the form of special efforts to reduce actual costs.

The argument appears sufficiently tenable to have received the support of the majority since it retained the principle of the sanctity of a contract, questioning only the legal sufficiency of the half-savings clause. It may be surmised that the Court was influenced in rejecting Mr. Justice Douglas' position by the fact that it would have led to sending the case back to the Special Master for further hearings, to be followed most likely by motions, arguments, appeals—and another 25 years of wasteful litigation. The left-overs of World War I should not be permitted to intrude upon the new tasks of World War II.

ABRAHAM UNGER.

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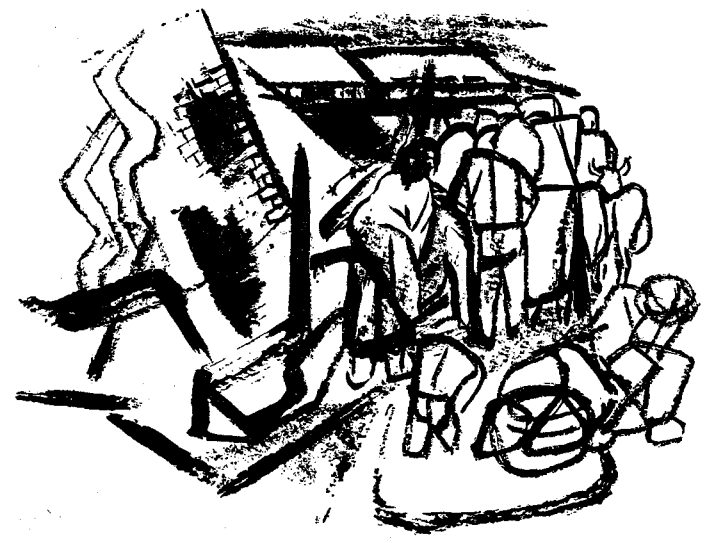
UNMASKING GUSTAV REGLER



J. Heliker

One of the leaders of Mexico's fifth column finds aid and comfort among certain American "liberals." Egon Erwin Kisch tells the real story of a man who betrayed his friends.

IN OCTOBER 1939 Gustav Regler was brought to the concentration camp Le Vernet in southern France, together with 450 anti-fascists of various nationalities. The directors of this camp were notorious for their *Croix de Feu* spirit, their anti-Semitism, their corruption, and above all their brutality. The Garde Mobile, long hated by the French people, served as guards. A reign of terror was established about which a series of books has already been written.

Naturally, under such circumstances, not a single anti-Nazi internee was promoted to be a barracks leader. Only those who showed themselves ready to turn informer or were enrolled members of the German Nazi Party (Armand Schoemer, Scherbaum, and others) were entrusted with this function. But the day of his arrival at Vernet, Oct. 12, 1939, Gustav Regler was named barracks leader in Quarter C., Barrack 33.

At that time, also, no anti-Nazi prisoners were allowed to leave the barbed wire enclosure except to march out to forced labor. But Gustav Regler went in and out at will. He sat in the office of the Intelligence Officer, spoke to him, wrote, and received foreign newspapers. Regler refused to give his fellow prisoners the slightest information concerning what he had learned in that office.

But enough became known. Thus, for example, the Nazi agent Werner Popp addressed a letter in German to the Intelligence office of the camp in which he denounced a dozen anti-fascists. Gustav Regler did not shrink from translating this into French and from confirming Popp's slanders against his former comrades and fellow prisoners. The result was that the anti-Nazis mentioned in the letter were transferred to Quarter B from which their liberation was out of the question.

In the public declaration made by the German anti-Nazis and former internees at Camp Le Vernet, Georg Stibi, Paul Krautter, Rudolph Feistmann, and Paul Hartmann, one finds the following words: ". . . the former Reichstag deputies and outstanding leaders in the struggle against Nazism, Franz Dahlem and Siegried Raedel, were likewise denounced by Regler. Several months ago they were transferred from Vernet to the camp of Castres where they are in grave danger, since Hitler has demanded that they be turned over to the German Gestapo." Thereafter not a single honest person in the camp spoke to Gustav Regler. Regler's former friends, that is, those who were still living in freedom, knew nothing of his behavior. They induced a well known French personality (now in America) to intervene for his liberation. But after several days this person refused to intervene since it was clear from the record of the case that Regler's revelations had been used against his comrades.

It should be understood that writers in French concentration camps in 1939-40 were asked to sign a written statement to the effect that in case they were freed and allowed to travel abroad they would not engage in any campaign against conditions in the French camps. All the writers refused to give such a despicable guarantee. That would have meant a declaration of sympathy with Chamberlain and Daladier. The writers refused because they realized that the "phony war," the continuation of Munich by other means, was a preparation for surrender. The writers refused their signature and remained hungry, cold, down-trodden, in constant danger of being delivered to the Gestapo. Not a single German anti-Nazi internee crawled on his knees, not a single foe of Hitler was let out of Vernet in the period between October 1939 and February 1940. But Gustav Regler signed, and was set free.

ANOTHER ITEM: when he arrived in the United States Regler tried to justify this treason to his wife; he alleged that her father, the famous painter Heinrich Vogeler-Worpswede had been executed in the Soviet Union. Naturally Regler knew very well that there was no basis whatever for such a rumor. Vogeler-Worpswede is today living and working in the USSR, honored and esteemed.

Gustav Regler's novel *The Great Crusade,* which appeared in the United States, has as its heroes his fallen commander and the soldiers of an International Brigade. But it is not written in their spirit. They fought with weapons which the Soviet Union gave them. But in his book Regler attacked the Soviet Union. Regler thus managed to get favorable book reviews and the author's picture even adorned the book jacket. To be sure it did not help the sale of the book especially, for Regler—how seldom the phrase really fits—"is the author who is distinguished from his books by the fact that the latter are not salable."

Six weeks ago when the refugee ship *Serpa Pinto* arrived, Regler was in Vera Cruz, Mexico. People wondered why he had come to the dock where he was bound to meet many former friends who now despised him. Soon, however, a partial explanation developed. A statement, dated from Vera Cruz, appeared in the New York weekly *New Republic.* The occasion was a discussion concerning the formation of a German government-in-exile. Regler was anxious to remind the public of his existence. He who had bought his freedom by renouncing his opinions and by helping the Intelligence Bureau of Le Vernet now attacks those who have not sold themselves.

At a time when Stalin and the Red Army are braving death against the Nazis on the Eastern Front, when democrats, Communists, and all friends of liberty are fighting courageously in the factories of France and in the mountains of Serbia, Regler speaks of "Stalinists with discipline but without brain and heart." By this discipline which he despises, Regler means above all the fact that his former comrades recognized the meaning of the Moscow trials when they occurred. Today even the former American Ambassador in Moscow, Joseph Davies, recognizes that the Soviet Union owes it largely to the Moscow

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trials, that its military preparedness was unimpaired.

But it may be recalled that the man who helped edit in Moscow the account of the trials in the German language was Gustav Regler.

In his letter to the *New Republic* Regler also included among these "Stalinists without brain or heart," our friend Andre Simone, a publicist who has tirelessly, energetically, and effectively led the fight against Nazism, against the enemies of republican Spain, against the fifth column in Europe and America, against fascism of every kind and Hitler's agents of every stripe. Andre Simone, without brain and heart! It was not so long ago that Regler admired that brain and sought a little place in that heart. He sought to collaborate on the books edited by Andre Simone, *The Brown Book* and *Brown Network,* and did in fact collaborate on them.

Finally: In a Trotskyite magazine which recently appeared in Mexico, an anonymous writer, using the pseudonym El Observator d'Artagnan, gave a "portrait" of Andre Simone. The author gives the impression of purposely piling up mounds of dung and lies in order to conceal himself. Nowhere in the civilized world are campaigns waged against an opponent in anonymous letters; no literary groups tolerate character assassins in their midst. The name of the man who wrote the article against the anti-fascist Andre Simone, and who in that article incited to the murder of Simone, I can testify is Gustav Regler.

EGON ERWIN KISCH.

A woodcut by Giacomo Patri

THE BACKGROUND

MANY of our readers are aware of the current scandal in Mexico City over a group of Trotskyists and their co-workers, among them Victor Serge, Julian Gorkin, Marceau Pivert, Grandisio Muniz, and Gustav Regler. Early this year a group of deputies in the Mexican Chamber charged these men with being fifth columnists, and undesirable in Mexico. Whereupon the *Nation,* for February 7, in an article by the discredited Richard H. Rovere, came to the defense of the fifth columnists, and charged they were being persecuted by the "GPU." Simultaneously a committee consisting of Roger Baldwin, John Dewey, John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Sidney Hook, Quincy Howe, Freda Kirchwey, and Reinhold Neibuhr initiated a letter to the President of the Mexican Republic in behalf of Serge et al., and persuaded some 160 personalities to join in. Among these were mostly the well known American Trotskyists plus an assortment of Norman Thomas' friends. And we were surprised, as many others must have been, to see a few men and women like Dorothy Thompson, Stanley Isaacs, and Dr. Frank P. Graham among them.

In the February 28 issue of the *Nation,* seven Mexican deputies (none of them Communists since there are no Communist deputies in the Mexican Chamber) protested Rovere's article. They were joined by Lombardo Toledano, president of the Latin-American Trade Union Federation, by Ludwig Renn, among other German writers, and by Pablo Neruda, the famous Chilean poet and Chile's consul in Mexico City. They restated the feeling of the Mexican people about the Trotskyists in their midst and told Mr. Rovere off in no uncertain terms. As a result, the *Nation's* editors retreated considerably in so far as Victor Serge and his partners were concerned. But they insisted that Gustav Regler was being unjustly treated; they closed with the remark that the *Nation* has always defended the rights of Communists (as is attested by its present silence about Earl Browder) and "similarly defends persons whose only offense is to criticize the tactics of the Communists."

NEW MASSES for March 3 touched the earlier development of this situation in a brief editorial. Two further points are worth elaboration. First, as to who the Trotskyists' center is: Victor Serge is of Russian descent, lived in France, notoriously anti-Soviet, and for a time was imprisoned by the Soviet authorities. Marceau Pivert was expelled from the French Socialist Party for Trotskyist activities and disruption of the People's Front. Julian Gorkin is a POUM man, tried by the Spanish republic for treason and convicted, as the *Nation's* contributing editor, Alvarez del Vayo, will recall. Grandisio Muniz was one of Gorkin's sidekicks. As for Gustav Regler, we print on an opposite page an article by the well known German author, Egon Erwin Kisch, whose book *Sensation Fair* was published here last fall. Certainly the evidence against Regler, as presented by Kisch, is overwhelming.

But there is a deeper issue involved. Is it the whole story to say that these men are simply critics of the tactics of the Communists? We don't think so. First of all, what are the tactics of the Communists? They are to help win the war, to mobilize the widest sections of the people for this one purpose. Second, are these men merely critics? No, they are the remnants of a whole international gang whose chief avocation was to slander and defame the Soviet Union in order to prevent the close collaboration of that country with the western democracies, a collaboration which everyone realizes would have smashed Hitler long ago, and which today is the hope of the world. It was to be expected that Max Eastman or Sidney Hook should defend these men, since they are part of the same international hookup; it was to be expected that Norman Thomas' "left Clivedeneers" should defend them, too. But is it not time that liberals and progressives who have learned something of what fifth columns meant in Europe, and who wish to wipe out the fifth column that threatens our own country, is it not time that such people should have done, once and for all, with Hitler's "leftist" agents?

This is not an issue between Communists and their critics. For Serge and Regler are not critics: they are professionals in their slander not only of Communists but of all anti-fascists who want to see the widest unity against Hitler. Their function for Hitler has been to divide Communists from liberals, democrats, progressives of all opinions, at a time when we have all recognized that only in unity and perseverance against the enemy in all his manifestations will the war be won and the security of our country preserved. We think it is time not only to recognize Hitler's agents in Mexico, but it is the essence of good neighborliness to encourage the Mexican government to defend itself against them. And we think it is also time, in the spring of 1942, that the American wing of the Trotskyists and the left Clivedeneers of the Norman Thomas stripe be recognized for what they are.

THE EDITORS.

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MY FIRST GUN DRILL

"We stuffed our ears and waited. The first shell was jammed home and thunder broke loose right under our noses." A sailor's life aboard an armed merchantman. Illustrated by Soriano.

DURING the gray afternoon we slipped out into the stream and dropped the hook. Later, under cover of darkness, a barge came alongside and we took on the ammunition, two A. B.'s working the winches, the Navy boys handling the boxes, while the wind blasted through the frozen shrouds.

No one knew where we were bound. Rumormongers were in their element: "I hear. . . ." "Listen, I've got this straight from. . . ." "Yeh, Australia. . . ." "Uh-huh, Alaska. . . ." "Sure, Iceland. . . .", et cetera, et cetera. Rumor and speculation. But no one actually knew. No law against guessing, however, and it did help to pass the time. Most of us, though, shuddered at even the thought of Iceland, any place north. Even as it was, here in New York, the quarters were like reefers; you froze to your bunk. The *SS*——, formerly a member of the Great White Fleet, assigned to the "banana run," was meant for the tropics. No doubt about that. Radiators, it is true, penny-whistle radiators, had been installed here and there. But they were more for psychological than practical purposes, it seemed.

Wherever she was going, however, we were going. We knew that. We had known it when we signed on. We knew it had to be like this—not the radiator angle, but the mystery, the possibility of hardship and danger. It was our war.

Although we didn't know where we were going, it was a pretty sure bet we weren't going to pick up a load of bananas. The formidable array of guns we stacked—on the "head," on the poop, on the boat deck, above the bridge, starboard and port—scotched any such ideas. A better guess would have been that we were destined to be an armed raider. But that theory also was shot through, although it was certainly one to titillate the imagination. A ship intended for armed raiding would have been manned entirely by the Navy. We were seventy-five percent merchant marine.

Finally we did gather fairly definite information indicating that we were scheduled for a port in the Caribbean. We were sailing practically light, hardly any cargo, but the little we did have was mostly labeled for that destination. But from there? Reenter hearsay.

THE wind was an hysteria in the rigging as we rolled and lurched through the black night off the Jersey coast, a glittering string of minute gold beads wavering tenuously far-off the starboard beam. Bound south—through those same ill-fated waters where a few days later disaster was to strike again and again. We were blacked out: painted a brackish, battleship gray; our ports blackened, securely dogged down; no deck lights. It was a feat, risky and eerie, especially in heavy seas, to go from back aft to 'midships across the well deck, groping your way, colliding with winches, deck cargo, hatches, and other blind gropers.

On the bridge, standing lookout, a head-on wind lashed your face savagely. No matter how you maneuvered, it caught you; there was no lee. The lookout on the bridge was not the only one. There were eight more—navymen—placed in strategic positions about the ship. Good. We were certainly taking precautions, I thought, as I stood my trick as lookout on the bridge. Then, my eyes straying aloft toward the crow's nest, I got a surprise—the foremast light was on, our running lights were on! A wry smile would have been in order, if my frozen face had permitted. Running lights—might as well throw on all the lights. And then I remembered that the covers were still on the lifeboats and that the "falls" practically overlapped each other, making it impossible to swing out two boats at the same time on the same side; you had to wait for one to swing clear before you could start hand-cranking out the other. Nice business in an emergency. Which one was to go out first? An Alphonse and Gaston act, with perverse motif, to see which one was going to have the honor! (Later covers were removed and one lifeboat on each side swung out.)

The running lights were on, of course, a moment's sober reflection told you, because of the heavy traffic along these lanes, especially between New York and Cape Hatteras. More danger from collision with other ships than from torpedoes, it had been reasoned. From a fairly "authoritative source," as press dispatches have it, we had learned that US Navy officials did not anticipate any particular trouble in this zone, that is, from New York to Cape Hatteras, along the coast. They felt —from the same "source"—that we were more liable to encounter danger below the Cape, where the coastline recedes and the ship lanes are farther removed from contact with coastal patrols.

AT THE sound of the general "all-out" alarm we hurried on the double-quick to our stations, not to boat- or fire-stations, but to our battle stations. Some of the men, slightly flustered, came rushing across the decks struggling into life belts, casting quick, reconnoitering glances over the surrounding waters.

The sea was as smooth and shining as the inside of a blue sea shell. A few miles off to our left bulked the headland of Haiti, a bronze, rugged mass, blue-hazed in its deeper recesses. To the west, on our right, but beyond the horizon now, lay Cuba.

We were going through the Windward Passage. It was Monday afternoon and the running and the alarms were all part of our first gun drill. *Our* gun drill—the merchant seamen—as well as the navymen.

A few days before, talking to some of the navy fellows on board, we had learned inadvertently that there were not enough men in the Armed Guard to man all the guns adequately. Some of us talked it over and a short while later our ship's committee (National Maritime Union)—the delegates of the three departments—met with the Commander of the Armed Guard, Ensign D——. It had been easy to talk to him. He was young, straightforward, friendly. We told him of the crew's desire to cooperate in every way with him and the Armed Guard. We mentioned that we had heard he was short of men and needed more for the effective manning of the guns. We won-

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dered if we could help. "You most certainly can," he responded immediately, obviously pleased. He explained then that he had been thinking about it himself, but had hesitated, not sure how we would receive it. He outlined a plan he had in mind, and what he would like to have from us. We left full of enthusiasm and importance.

The next day he presented his plans to the crew as a whole. We had invited him to our first ship's meeting. He explained the nature of the guns aboard and their effectiveness in action. Specifically he wanted us to augment the Armed Guard, undertake the partial manning of the guns, i. e., act as first and second loaders, as hot shellmen, as fuse-setters, handle ammunition, and, in the case of the machine guns, operate them exclusively ourselves. (The captain, of course, had okayed the plan previously. Some of the drill periods, it had been agreed, were to be held on our time and, not to be selfish, just to give the company a chance to share in the good work, some on its time.) Before the meeting closed, in order to give Ensign D—— some idea of how many volunteers he might count on, we called for a show of hands. Every hand went aloft. But, then, why not? As D—— had pointed out in his talk—"It's a trite phrase and old, but it never applied to any situation more appropriately than right now—'We're all in the same boat, and we've all got to pull together.' "

WE WERE called from our battle stations and told to muster on the poop deck. When we had gathered there, D—— announced that he had decided to test-fire all the guns that day. He then explained that there would be first, on each gun, an "officer's string"; that is, an officer—in this case, himself—was always required to fire the first shot, "just in case the gun should take it into its head to fire through the block instead of through the muzzle." The "big gun," the four-incher, was on the poop. As Ensign D—— took his position at the firing button, it seemed we were standing awfully close to it. We stuffed cotton in our ears and waited. The shell was jammed home and thunder broke loose right under our noses. Recovering, we watched for the shell to land. We watched and waited, but nothing happened to indicate a landing shell. The sea was as smooth as glass. Suspense heightened. "This will mean war with Cuba," someone cracked. D—— laughed a little nervously. Then we saw it. Far off—twenty seconds off—a white eruption in the placid blue.

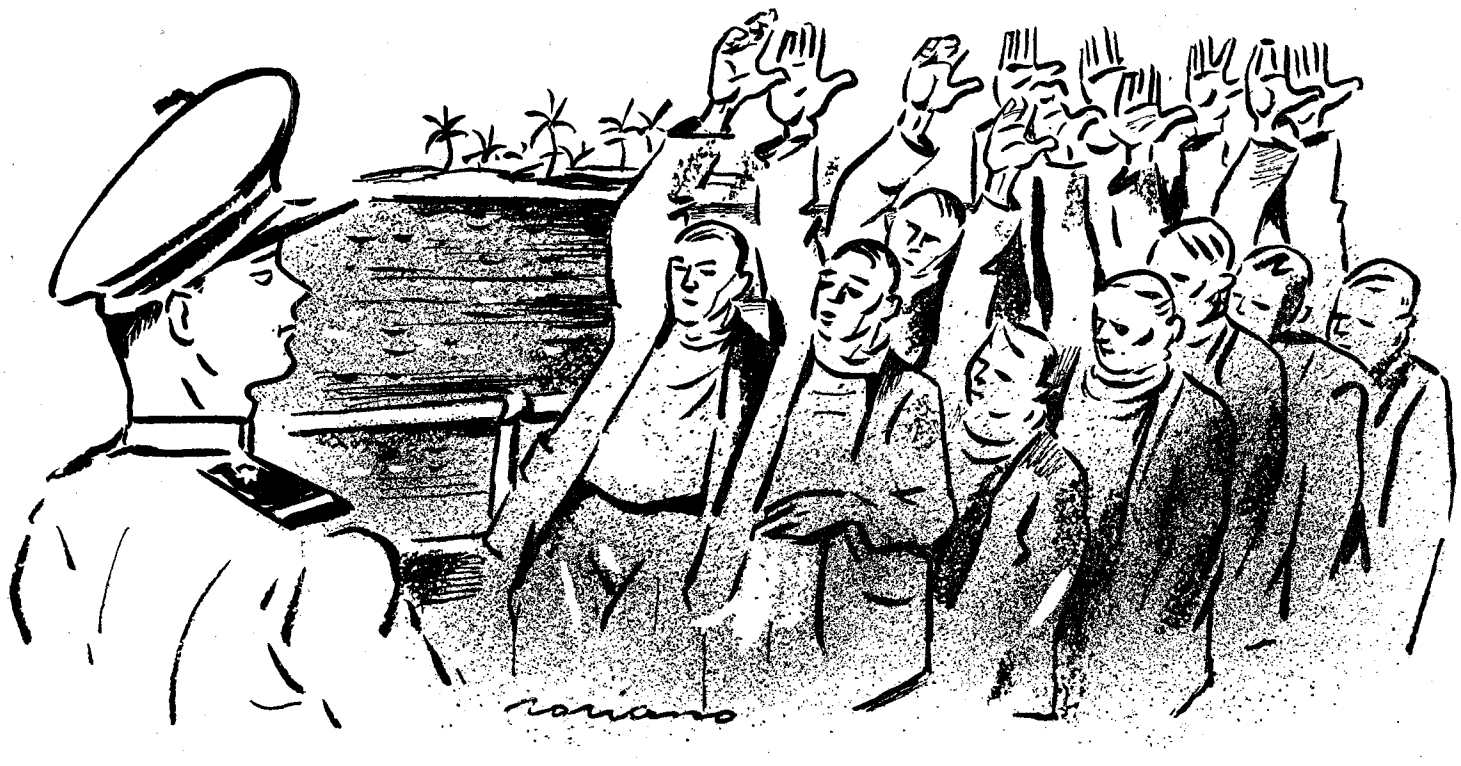
"Now do any of you boys want to fire it?" D—— asked. Suspense—somewhat similar to that of a moment ago waiting for the shell to land. I hoisted my hand. Mind over matter. They showed me the various switches and buttons. "Ready!" So soon? "Aim!" What! "Fire!" A terrific blast; a violent teeth-rattling concussion—like being privy to the explosion of a charge of TNT in a sealed cave. I smiled faintly. "Not bad," I said. A lower elevation this time brought a closer shell geyser out of the sea. No international incident.

After that others tried it. Shortly we moved to the other guns, the anti-aircraft and the machine guns, where the same procedure was followed—the officer's string, etc. The men weren't so hesitant about volunteering to fire now; the first attack of timidity had worn off. And now at each gun there was lively competition for the firing role. Quite a number of our men—Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Italians, Filipinos, Dutchmen, Negroes, Puerto Ricans, a Russian, a Greek, a Jew, a Finn, a Norwegian, native and foreign-born Americans—had had some military experience before. Bill H——, for many years now an American citizen, had been a gunner's mate in the British Navy during the last war; another English-born A. B., "Red" G——, had also seen plenty of action at that time; the Russian oiler, an American citizen, flew a plane in the World War for the United States, crashed, carries silver plates in his head and chest, was supposed to be dead fifteen years ago; Tony B——, the store-keep, was a machine gunner in the US Army a short while back; Al G——, an A. B., served six years in the navy; one of the deck gang had fought with the loyalists in Spain; three or four more fought in the World War. We weren't entirely unfamiliar with the business of using arms.

By the time we had finished testing all the guns the citizenry of Haiti must have been all agog; we could imagine them running hither and yon, gathering in excited groups, gaping apprehensively out into the channel. The local press, without a doubt, was frantically breaking out its largest type for a scare-line extra on GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OFF HAITI.

It was with reluctance that we returned to our prosaic nautical routine that afternoon. Yet it was also with a feeling of importance, a consciousness of our role. As Ensign D—— put it, confidentially and with a twinkle in his eye, it really would be kind of pleasant to run across a nice slow enemy merchantman.

FRANK O'FLAHERTY.



"Every hand went aloft. . . ."

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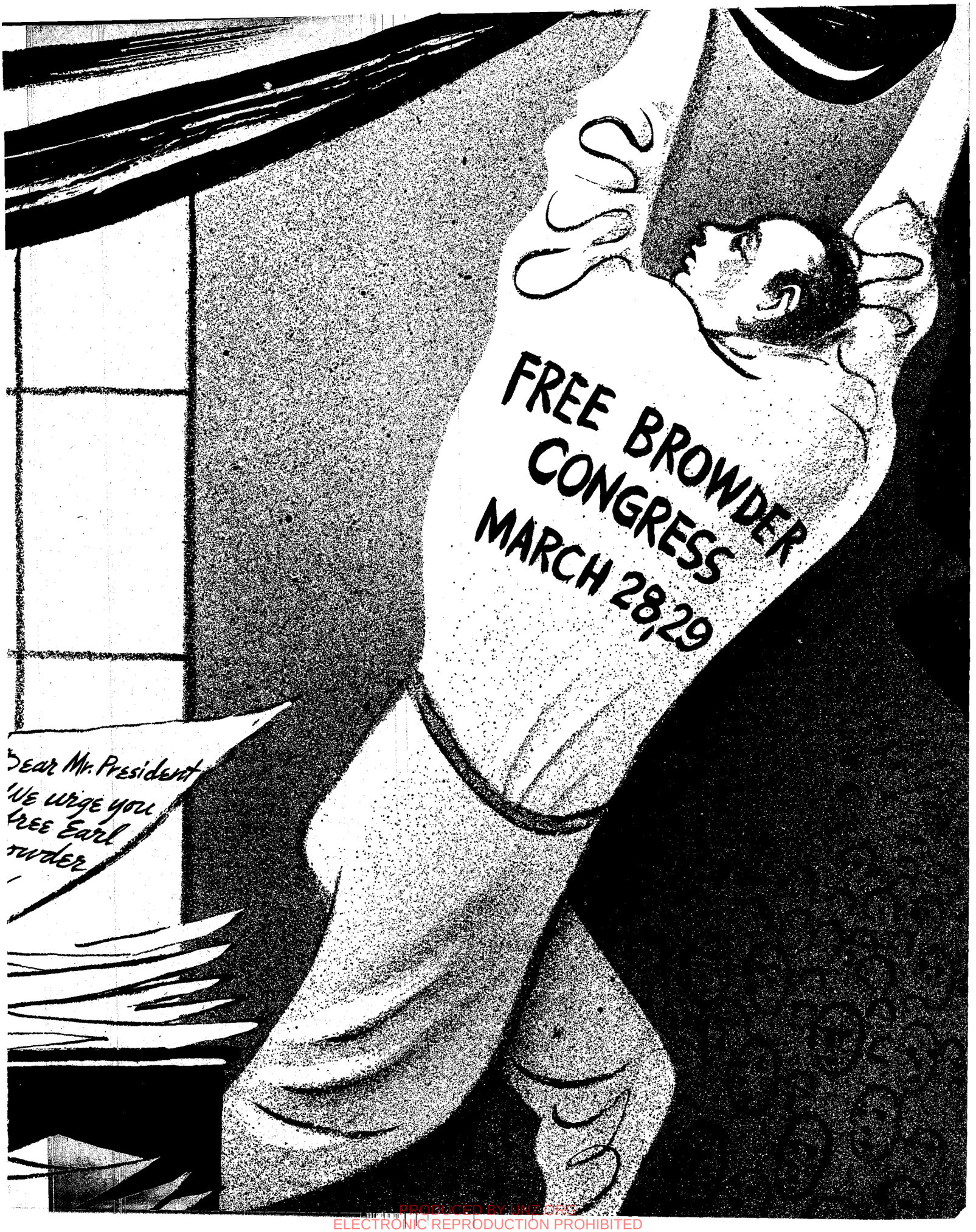

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CABLE from the SOVIET

URAL EPIC

The following account is from the diary of S. Svetlov, a construction engineer who participated in the gigantic task of moving Soviet factories from near the battlefront to far back of the rear, behind the Ural Mountains. His particular group was assigned the job of putting up two factory blocks in ten or twelve days to receive the machinery already on the way from the frontal zone. "Even I, an old construction engineer," writes Svetlov, "thought the task not only difficult but, to tell the truth, impossible. A half year would have been required for a job like this. Now we had less than a fortnight to do it. Besides, it was winter with the frosts running 35-40 degrees below zero, centigrade, the ground frozen, and blizzards. It was enough to make you gasp for breath." Labor power was the prime problem. To make up for the shortage, thousands of local people volunteered to spend their leisure time on the construction job. Then—Svetlov tells what happened:

Moscow (by cable).

DECEMBER 2—Today we began digging the foundation while the surveyors were finishing their work on the building site. We ran up against the first hitch: the steam shovel went out of commission. We spent the whole shift fixing it. But the people didn't let us down. They came in thousands. The best crew today was Demin's. They fulfilled 180 percent. It was no easy job, I know, for I saw them work. The ground was so hard that picks were simply useless; nor were the crowbars much better. Steel wedges and heavy hammers solved the problem. The men took turns swinging them five minutes at a time and the ground began to give way faster.

December 3—The construction site is quite a thing to see at night. Besides the floodlights, there are hundreds of bonfires to thaw out the soil and give the workers a chance to warm up in between work.

December 4—It warms your heart to see the outlines of the new factory grounds become visible. The excavated foundation pits show where the future buildings will be, although there is still quite a bit of work to be done before the builders can get started. We are falling behind our schedule: there are mountains of loose earth piled up on the site, since transporting the dirt away is rather slow. We've got to do something about it fast. Competition was launched yesterday and made itself felt. Hundreds of teams are exceeding their planned quotas. That's a remarkable thing, because these people, except for the miners from the nearby colliery, are office workers, students, artists, actors, and housewives, who never wielded a shovel before. Now they all are doubling their quotas.

December 5—Nikolai Sivach's crew was handed the Red Challenge Banner as the best workers on the job. You would hardly believe this fellow who handles his pick and shovel so well is a scenic artist. Another group I got interested in today is Pimen Marmulyukov's team, which did three times its quota. It turns out that it consists of a stevedore, carpenter, ladle maker, lawyer, lunchroom tender, and only three common laborers. In a few days all these diggers must change their profession again, for the excavation work is nearing completion. Now we need carpenters, bricklayers, and other building workers. There's a big job ahead teaching the new trades. We are still behind schedule and just because of some petty details! We have to straighten them out.

December 7—Today is Sunday, but no one has taken the day off. In fact there are more people working than usual, for the whole city turned out voluntarily to help us put up the plant faster. The Ural weather is doing its worst—there's a stiff frost and strong winds. The two put together seem to cut right into you. But the people are so engrossed in their work that they don't seem to notice the cold. Scaffolding and timbering are already rearing up in several sections of the site. They are just hulking skeletons as yet, but soon they will acquire the contours of factory blocks.

December 8—Section One began raising walls. There was a hitch in setting up the girders today—the crane on the section couldn't take the frost. Towards the end of the day steamfitters came and began setting up steampipes. This certainly looks more like a plant already!

December 9—Today, the last of the three days of competition, we summed up and Sivach's crew came out on top again. For the second time they are in possession of the challenge banner.

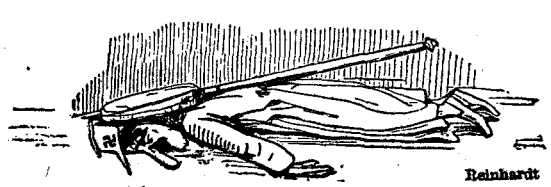
December 11—Realized with a shock that only a few shifts remain before the buildings must be ready for the installation men, a shock not because the work isn't going well, but because what seemed to be impossible is actually coming through. Everything is still in timbers, and roofs are not up yet, but inside installation of equipment has been started. The heating system and power cables are being laid with good speed. Steel men are still above, working on their girders, but cleaning up already has begun in some spots of the site.

December 12—I am counting the days anxiously; this is the eleventh. Section one has finished setting up the roof girders, plumbing and steamfitting are nearing the end in block number one, and the glaziers are at work. Things are worse with block number two. Because of some of the foremen, work on the roof supports had to be interrupted in the morning and resumed only in the afternoon. Those who were to blame walk about pretty crestfallen. This afternoon I visited the group of former housewives; they announced their desire to get jobs at the plant when it begins production. It seems to me there won't be a shortage of labor power.

December 14—The job is done and today is as good as a holiday! Though it is Sunday, all the builders came to work for the last time—to clean up the factory, cart away whatever materials remained, and tidy the buildings. Trucks are already bringing up machinery and installation men are busy inside.

Later: I made a trip to the plant in the evening. It warmed my heart to see the innumerable lights of the newly built plant. Machinery had, to a considerable extent, been installed; lathes were humming and a steady stream of production was coming off the line. Installation workers hadn't lagged behind the builders.

S. SVETLOV.



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THE WEEK IN REVIEW

Driving Ahead

As we go to press, approximately 800 representatives of labor and management are meeting in New York to plan for speedier war production. Thirty-one such regional conferences of management and labor are scheduled for the month of March alone. They were called by Donald Nelson as a follow-up to his recent broadcast urging the setting up of management-labor committees in all war plants. "Idle tools work for Hitler," Nelson said in the second of his radio series on production. To make them work for America, the War Production Board chief is driving ahead with plans to utilize every hour of the day and night—three full shifts in the war industries and all machinery in use. Since the success of such plans is dependent on the cooperation of labor and management, it is heartening to note that the joint committees are already being established and the regional conferences are well attended. There are tough problems to be threshed out—priorities, sub-contracting, conversion, training new workers, job displacement—but none so tough as to withstand a united will and ingenuity to solve them.

On the War Production Board itself a firmer stand against any business-as-usual officials should result from the issue raised by the public resignation of W. B. Guthrie and two aides from the WPB Textile Branch. Nelson has promised to investigate Guthrie's charges that he was impossibly hampered by industrialists who resisted plant conversion to war needs; and members of the WPB's Labor Advisory Committee, backing the investigation, have called upon the WPB chief to deal sternly with selfish interests.

Toward the solution of all production problems labor has already contributed immensely. Only a few days after Nelson's radio speech the Tolan committee urged that labor be given more adequate representation in all phases of war output. The administration could—and should—set the example by beginning at the top, i.e., granting labor fuller representation on the War Production Board and in the Cabinet.

Tory Eyewash

A systematic campaign is under way to swell profits by freezing wages and abolishing overtime pay. The campaign, of course, doesn't operate as openly as that, but dons the semantics of patriotism and fair play. We are told that mounting wages threaten inflation and that the forty-hour week is holding up production and jeopardizing victory (remember France!). Actually there is no general upward movement of wages, nor is there any law that limits the work week to forty hours. But the anti-labor cabal in Congress and certain newspapers are trying to persuade the public that these things exist and must be scotched even if it means scotching national unity. Where wages and hours are concerned, there seem to be no priorities on nonsense, and it is being poured out by the ton. And unfortunately, some officials like Leon Henderson have abetted the reactionaries by urging a ban on wage increases.

What are the facts? Last November Isador Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, pointed out before the House Banking and Currency Committee that since 1936 net labor costs had risen only 1.2 percent, whereas net prices of wholesale goods had increased twenty percent, raw materials thirty percent, and durable goods 11.2 percent. It is an elementary truism that wages lag behind prices; had the Smiths, Coxes, and other poll-taxers, who are carrying on their business as usual of trying to scalp labor, helped pass an effective price control bill months ago, many of the present demands for wage increases would probably not have been necessary.

No less demagogic is the hullabaloo about the forty-hour week. Representative Smith, whose first attempt to scrap hours legislation was resoundingly defeated, has now, together with Representative Vinson—another poll-taxer—introduced a second bill. This is really an anti-overtime pay bill since it wants to spare the large corporations the time and a half they must pay for hours beyond forty a week. Secretary Perkins told the Senate Labor Committee that only three percent of the wages on war production work have been for overtime, but the tories are intent on the principle of the thing: smashing labor standards.

Of course, the poison is being sweetened with some talk about limiting profits as well. But the New York *Times* gives the game away when it says that this can be done through taxation—and then opposes an effective excess-profits tax. The fact is that according to the March report of the National City Bank, net profits of 825 leading corporations *after* deductions for taxes, interest, depreciation, reserves, etc., were 23.7 percent higher in 1941 than in 1940.

Ides of March

The approach of spring is reviving the war of nerves, and hardly a day passes without dispatches of an impending Nazi assault on Sweden, a drive against Turkey, a Japanese thrust against Siberia. But the solid fact of the war is that, at least in the European theater, it still presents no new elements. The Red Army continues as the only really offensive force, holding its end up, pressing on the strongly fortified German positions.

The Royal Air Force maintains its mass bombardments of the Ruhr, a Free French column has thrust up from central Africa toward the flank of the Axis position in Libya, but the big issue in Europe remains what it was in January. It is the issue of how quickly the Allied offensive will come—an offensive such as would divert Hitler's forces before the snows melt and the rains pass and the ground hardens in the East, an offensive that would place Germany in the nutcracker. The recognition of how necessary this offensive is for ultimate victory is now general. But too much of this talk endorses the general principle without enough being said on the urgency of an offensive against Germany this spring.

Hitler's speech made no reference to the possibility of such an offensive. It was a minor speech in most respects, replete with the ordinary lies about who started the war. There was the fulsome thanks to Japan for holding her end up. There was displeasure over the Riom trials in France, which evidently are not going as the stage managers intended. This time the diatribe against Churchill was absent, and the reference to President Roosevelt rather mild. But all the cues for Hitler's agents in this country were there, especially the remark that countries in alliance with the Soviet Union are sure to "fall prey to Bolshevism," a Coughlinite and Cliveden set standby.

The idea of the war ending this year has disappeared from Nazi propaganda. Hitler attributed the setbacks in Russia to the sudden oncoming of winter; he boasted that he had averted Napoleon's fate, as though anyone had ever assumed the war could be ended this winter. But he did admit that the full weight of renewed Nazi victories would have to wait until the summer, rather than the spring, as predicted in his December speech. And there was a curious contradiction in one passage: this summer the Red Army would be "annihilatingly defeated" Hitler declared in one sentence; but in another, he speaks of pushing the Soviet Union back behind "remote and 'definitive' borders." The first idea presupposes a smashing and decisive attack on the Red Army as such. The second contains the hint of German offensives in other directions, provided the Red Army can be held on some kind of "definitive" line.

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Pacific Front

IN THE Pacific theater the focal points are clearly Australia and India. As for the latter, the world waits upon the outcome of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission, which Claude Cockburn discusses more fully on page 4. The United States does not yet seem to be using the influence it has to bring about India's participation in the war on a real basis; and the use of this influence is one of America's really world responsibilities. But some significant things have been done. The exchange of ministers with India is a new important measure; the dispatch of an American technical mission a week earlier to help mobilize Indian resources is likewise of great value, and the news that an American air base has been established, to "carry the war to the enemy," is symbolic.

AUSTRALIA is turning completely to the United States for help, judging from the frank speech of its Prime Minister, John Curtin, this week, a speech which was marred only by the reference to the "yellow aggressor." This use of the word "yellow" is itself symbolic of Australia's own responsibility for its plight; it is suffering now for its long history of contempt for the darker-skinned peoples.

Australia's new Foreign Minister, Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, is coming to this country to discuss mutual defense. And it would seem that Washington is making a real effort to help; the first substantial expeditionary force was announced last week, and the arrival of General MacArthur in Australia to assume complete command of the struggle in the Pacific is heartening news. Australia is a vital bastion for the ultimate offensive against Japan, as vital as India and China. It is a barren, under-populated continent, from which it would be hard to dislodge the Japanese. And it is the only spot, outside of India and the Soviet Far East, which contains substantial industrial facilities, such as Japan has not yet conquered.

BUT IF the sea losses around Java, and Admiral Hart's statement on the war mean anything, they mean that we need a real shakeup in the higher command, and a much closer liaison with our Pacific allies. It is to be hoped that with the elevation of Admiral Ernest King, this shakeup is on the way. Our losses in ships and men in the Java battle, as against the Japanese losses, are disheartening. Even more so was Admiral Hart's dreary admission that we had little air power, and not much of a naval force, in the Pacific. Our strategy in the last three months was not one of coordination with our allies to concentrate on what the combined Allied forces had to hold; it was a strategy of "each man for himself," a defensive and catastrophic strategy that will have to be revised everywhere.

Lend-Lease

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S report on the operation of the lend-lease program reveals how far we have yet to go to realize our military and economic potential. Such was the President's own opinion combined, however, with a sense of satisfaction that the existence of "lend-lease" had sustained our allies through a difficult year. Of some $48,000,000,000 appropriated, expenditures were $2,570,452,441 as of February 28. Of this $1,500,000,000 worth of articles have been shipped abroad. But only a proportion of this figure could have been implements of war; much of it must have been foodstuffs and subsidiary materials. "Lend-lease" has the function of making this country the "arsenal of the democracies," but the figures released, while they show a big jump for the last ninety days, nevertheless emphasize how much is yet to be done on the production lines and in the shipyards.

Boston vs. Curran

PATRIOTIC citizens of Boston are working for another Tea Party, to dump the Christian Front. Among the dumpers will be some of Boston's best Catholics and Irish-Americans—the same who joined in the tempest of protest against Edward Lodge Curran's appearance on a platform at the March 15 celebration of Evacuation Day, an anniversary date marking the evacuation of George III's troops from Boston. The tempest began some ten days beforehand when it was announced that Curran would speak. Bostonians knew only too well what that meant. They knew that "Father" Curran, like his commander, "Father" Coughlin, is a lurid anti-Semite, a Christian Front leader whose allies and followers are often not even Catholic in name, pretending to no creed except the paganism of Hitler. They knew that Curran would use the anniversary celebration to revile our British and Russian allies in translations from the German.

All of which happened—but not before the Christian Fronters who staged the meeting had had to use force to oust Miss Frances Sweeney, director of the Irish-American Defense Association, from the meeting hall. Miss Sweeney, through her organization, had protested that Curran and his Fronters were enemies of both America and Ireland. Similar protests had been made to the city administration by Joseph Salerno, state president of CIO, by the Neponset Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, local trade unions, and other organizations. Mayor Tobin was away on vacation and the City Council refused to take any action. So on the evening of March 15, representatives of the most overt, loud-mouthed fascist movement in America were permitted to preach hatred and disruption to the people of Boston. But the unholy performance marks no final triumph for the Christian Front. The men and women of Boston, good Irish Catholics among them, who rose in protest against Curran and his gangsters, are carrying on the battle.

Three Men on a Raft

THREE American sailors have survived an adventure in the South Pacific which makes Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* sound almost sissy. For thirty-four days they sailed the ocean on an eight-by-four-feet rubber raft, with no provisions and very little clothing. They fought off sharks with their bare fists, lived on two birds and a couple of fish, and went through a ferocious typhoon. For drinking water they caught the rain in strips torn from their underwear, which was then wrung out. It was impossible to sleep. The three men—Harold F. Dixon of California, Anthony J. Pastula of Ohio, and Gene D. Aldrich of Missouri—were on a scouting mission in a naval bomber plane when they were forced into the sea without even time to inflate the rubber raft properly. Dixon rigged a crude sea anchor of some rope and a jacket to control the "ship" and when the winds died the men rowed, using their shoes for oars. In this way they finally arrived at a tiny South Sea Island and disembarked, half dead but managing to walk erect because there might be Japanese on the island and the Americans did not want to "crawl to the enemy." From there they were taken to Pearl Harbor, where they told their almost fabulous story of heroism as casually as though they were describing a hunting trip.

What can one say about the courage and resourcefulness of men like these? Just to read their story, to realize that these are the types of fighters we have in the American armed forces, should inspire a doubled resistance to the cowardly, the blustering, the mean-visioned, whose war is directed against man's very will to live.

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Readers Forum

Lincoln and Garibaldi

To New Masses: It may interest your readers to know that the fascist radio in Rome has recently conducted quite a few programs on the "Italian Contributions to the Development of America." It is, of course, intended to befuddle those who might be listening among the 10,000,000 Italian emigrants in this country. It does not shrink from exploiting such heroes of Italian history as Garibaldi; in fact, it is characteristic of fascist perversity that while men are thrown into Mussolini's jails for whistling the tunes of the famous Garibaldi hymn, yet for the purposes of propaganda here, the fascists paint Garibaldi in the warmest colors and berate the United States because Garibaldi's services were not used.

Some American newspapers have quite properly exposed Mussolini's demagogy, but in so doing they have belittled an affair which is really a fine chapter in the relations of the American and Italian peoples. Carl Sandburg, the noted biographer of Lincoln, seems similarly to have missed the significance of the matter, and therefore it is worth recalling.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the United States extended an official invitation to Garibaldi to join in the defense of the Union. Secretary of State William H. Seward, on July 27, 1861, evidently after conferring with Lincoln, sent a letter to the American ambassador at Brussels, Henry S. Sanford:

"I wish you to proceed at once and enter into communication with the distinguished Soldier of Freedom," we read in this letter, a copy of which was kept in the archives of the American Embassy in Brussels. "Say to him that this government believes his services in its present contest for the unity and liberty of the American people would be exceedingly useful and that, therefore, they are earnestly desired and invited." And after making the offer, the Secretary of State again repeated that this invitation had "the hearty welcome of the American people."

The New York press welcomed the idea of Garibaldi's coming to America to fight under the banners of Lincoln. On Aug. 11, 1861, the New York *Tribune* wrote:

"Our Washington correspondent states positively that Garibaldi has offered his services to the National Government, that the offer was promptly accepted, and the rank of Major-General tendered. Should the liberator of Italy revisit this country to take the field for freedom, he would be greeted with an enthusiasm beyond the power of words to express."

The tone of all these documents, in full harmony with the international character of the struggle that Garibaldi had always led in Europe and America, is shown in another part of the abovementioned letter of William H. Seward:

". . . This government believes he (Garibaldi) will, if possible, accept this call . . . certain that the fall of the American Union, if indeed it were possible, would be a disastrous blow to the cause of Human Freedom, equally here, in Europe, and throughout the world."

The real reasons which prevented Garibaldi from accepting this invitation to return to America to fight for his ideals are not yet clear. The hero himself, in his correspondence, refers only to various "obstacles," which at the time seemed to him impossible to surmount, although he was deeply moved by the offer. His most intimate friends always thought that these "obstacles" were represented by some reactionary elements in the Italian government of those days, particularly in the circles nearest to the monarchy. Fearful that the popularity of the Caprera exile would be greatly heightened by Garibaldi's participation in the American Civil War, these gentlemen persuaded King Victor Emanuel II to release Garibaldi from all his ties with the Italian army, revealing a very sudden anxiety to get him out of the way.

Garibaldi, on the other hand, thought constantly of his interrupted mission at home, of the partial failure of the revolutionary movement he had led; he dreamed of Rome and prepared for the Aspromonte expedition. This, more than any other reason, affected his decision not to accept Seward's offer.

The two conditions suggested by Garibaldi before he would accept the American government's invitation—that he be given supreme command over the Union forces and authority to proclaim the emancipation of the slaves—are mentioned in this form only once, in a letter sent on Sept. 18, 1861, by Henry S. Sanford, American Minister at Brussels, to the Secretary of State.

If correctly reported, these conditions could only reflect, on the part of Garibaldi, a certain mistrust regarding the way certain northern generals (who were later to be relieved of their commands by Lincoln) waged the war against the secessionists; second, a definite reluctance to excuse those "appeasers" (whom Lincoln later denounced and attacked so courageously) who feared above all to give the war the character of a democratic people's struggle against slavery.

We must not forget that as late as 1862 General McClellan was still discharging soldiers from the army for singing songs against slavery. The infamous "Copperheads," the fifth column of the southern feudalists, were above all interested in preventing Abraham Lincoln from unifying the democratic forces around a clear anti-slavery program, which alone could lead to victory, as it did under Generals Sherman and Grant.

It seems, therefore, that far from revealing differences of opinion between Lincoln and Garibaldi, the whole story brings out many points of affinity and understanding between them.

Ambrogio Donini.

New York.

More on Racism

To New Masses: Louis Martin's recent article, "The Curse of Racism" (New Masses, March 3), correctly poses an old issue in terms of its new and paramount significance. As a necessary means to winning the war, it is now more imperative than ever that traditional racial discriminations be cast out of American life. The necessity lies not solely in the demands of democratic justice; it inheres in the requirements of victory.

In the first place, many racial discriminations serve directly to obstruct the war efforts of the nation. Job discrimination withholds much-needed Negro workers from the all-important Battle of Production. Racial bars prevent the full utilization of the nation's manpower in the armed forces. Failure effectively to organize Negro citizens for air raid protection, especially in southern cities, imperils the production, communication, transportation, and protective services of the entire community. Lynching and Klan-inspired race riots dampen the enthusiasm of large sections of the Negro people for truly all-out participation in the war effort. These are but a few of the ways in which discriminations against the Negro people operate directly to obstruct the nation's victory program.

Second, racial discriminations afford the reemerging appeaser forces in our midst a rich field to exploit for purposes of disunity. Many Negro nationalists, naively, and the more sinister pro-Axis agents, deliberately, now seek to play up the just grievances of the Negro people in an entirely negative and divisive manner. The effect is to disrupt the growing and necessary unity of all the American people.

Third, racial discriminations provide Axis propagandists with a powerful means to promote disaffection among colonial and semi-colonial peoples. As Mr. Martin aptly points out, American color prejudices facilitate the spread of fascist propaganda among the millions of darker peoples below the Rio Grande, and thus tend to undermine that Pan-American solidarity which alone will suffice for victory. So, likewise, in the Philippines, in Malaya, in Burma, in China, in India, and elsewhere among colonial peoples whose support is an essential requirement of victory, our continuing racial discriminations are cited by Axis propaganda as "proof" that the United Nations care not for the welfare of darker peoples.

This is a just war of liberation. The freedom of *all* the peoples of the United Nations, including their racial minorities and colonial populations, depends utterly upon and will be furthered by defeat of the Axis powers. At the same time, victory for the United Nations depends absolutely upon the complete and unified support of *all* their peoples. Thus, anything which now tends to divide the peoples of the allied nations serves directly to negate the requirements of victory. Such is the nature of a people's war.

It is with real insight, therefore, that Mr. Martin suggests that our color prejudices and racial discriminations might well become the Achilles heel of the United Nations. Americans must never let this be.

Doxey A. Wilkerson,
Professor of Education, Howard University.
Washington, D. C.

Sun on the Don

To New Masses: After reading Boris Gorbatov's indescribably moving piece from Moscow, "Zero Hour" (March 17 issue), I was impelled to take Sholokhov's *Silent Don* from my bookshelf and reread sections of it. A sentence near the end of Gorbatov's cable especially reminded me of the Sholokhov epic: "Over my native Don steppe the sun is rising." You who have read *The Silent Don* will recall the ending, the picture of Gregor standing with his little son at the entrance to his home—"all that life had left him . . ." Yet the reader is aware of the sun rising over the Don steppes, the early glow of a new day, if not for Gregor himself, then for Gregor's child, for future generations of Russia. I felt that the author of "Zero Hour" might well have been one of the men in Sholokhov's narrative—there is a flavor, a pungent, direct eloquence in his expressions that put me in mind of the *Don* characters. It was a little as though another chapter had been added to *The Don Flows Home to the Sea,* projecting one of the figures from the book—Gregor's son, perhaps—into the historic struggle of today. I say this while realizing, of course, that Sholokhov's book and Gorbatov's cable are very different things by quite different writers. However, I do think that there is in the latter a certain quality, which I have tried to describe, that links the two in a way which has a deep, stirring significance to the reader of the *Don* volumes.

Albany, N. Y. Charles Jeffrey.

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A memorable group of books on the V-front. Works that reflect the spirit of resistance in the occupied lands. New trends in war literature.

AN IMPRESSIVE number of the new books deal with the occupied countries of Europe and Asia. Among the outstanding novels one notes Pearl Buck's *Dragon Seed* (the Nanking region), Franz Weiskopf's *Dawn Breaks* (Slovakia), John Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down* (a coastal town in Europe), and Louis Bromfield's forthcoming *Until the Day Break* (Paris). Other new titles dealing with the V-front include *Europe in Revolt* by Rene Kraus, *The Unconquered* by Robert Carse, *The New Order in Poland* by Simon Segal, *Underground Europe* by Curt Riess, *The Edge of Darkness* by William Woods.

Add these books up and you have the first clear trend in the literature of this war. The imagination of mankind has been fired by the brave and indomitable resistance of the peoples in Axis-occupied lands. Every day drives home the truth of Stalin's observation that "Only the Hitlerite self-adulating fools fail to see that the 'new order' in Europe and the notorious 'basis' of this order constitute a volcano ready to erupt at any moment and bury the German imperialist house of cards." The people's anger is an explosive force. Their one passionate desire is to avenge the terror and humiliation, to help in exterminating fascism. No cannibal reprisals will silence the motto of free Norwegians, of free men fighting everywhere, "Be true unto death and you shall acquire life."

CONFIDENT IMAGES tell the story. The Chinese farmer of *Dragon Seed* wants his people to harry the invader "like fleas in a dog's tail so that the beast can make no headway for stopping to gnaw his rear." The rebellious cook in Steinbeck's story learns that "The flies have conquered the flypaper." The townsfolk in Weiskopf's *Dawn Breaks* say "Let them stoke up the banked fire!" and all the way into Polish territory people have heard how Little Barbara, the Slovakian steeple bell, vanished before the last metal delivery, "deserted to join her fellows in the hills, lest she be melted down for the Nazis." One recalls the story that, according to one correspondent, is going the rounds in Budapest and Sofia. It appears that there are now two kinds of people in Germany, optimists and pessimists. The optimists say: "Germany is going to lose the war." The pessimists say: "Yes, but when?"

That the people of the conquered lands are in fact unconquered is the basic theme of *Dragon Seed, The Moon Is Down,* and *Dawn Breaks*. Yet each book has its individual method and tone; each contributes to the anti-fascist fight in its own way. While the three authors see eye to eye on the main issue —the unconquerable will to resist—it is altogether wrong to think that if you have read one book you have read them all. On the contrary, it is most interesting to see how three novelists with widely different backgrounds and sensibilities have treated an essentially similar theme.

FOR EXAMPLE, a genuine problem for all three was the treatment of the fascist characters, and I was interested to see Pearl Buck allude to this problem in her NM review of Steinbeck's book. Isn't the novelist's difficulty twofold here? In order to do justice to the historical facts, he must show that the invading forces are ruthless, brutal, inhuman; in other words, he must show fascism, in Gorky's phrase, as the wretched degenerate of history. At the same time, the novelist must make individual fascists credible as human beings who do, after all, think and feel, in no matter how distorted a form. The novelist, ideally, would suggest the savage impact of fascism as a force while differentiating the characters who represent that force.

In its depiction of the invader, *Dragon Seed* does the first job with great effect. Cold-blooded murder, thievery, rape, the use of opium to demoralize civilians, and other expressions of Japanese militarism are vividly described. Yet no Japanese emerges as an individual. On the positive side, one should say that this produces on the reader the impression of a faceless enemy; and this is wholly legitimate because that is how the enemy appeared to Ling Tan and the other Chinese in the book. But, as Miss Buck suggests in her review of Steinbeck's book, a new dimension is added when Steinbeck presents individual fascist faces. The commanding officer Lanser, Lieutenants Tonder and Prackle, Captain Loft and the engineer Hunter represent specific types. It is through such differentiation that the author can portray, in human terms, the varied composition and the disintegrating morale of the invading forces.

But I do not feel, as Miss Buck evidently does, that the real conflict in the story is between these types rather than between the conquerors and the conquered. I believe the primary clash is between the townspeople and the invader. It is this clash which produces and aggravates the conflict within the ranks of the invader. Resistance is the keynote. At first it is uncertain and subdued. Then, as the action develops, it becomes more conscious and resonant. At the beginning, Annie scalds the soldiers with hot kitchen water; then the miner Alex Morden refuses to be shoved around and a fascist officer is killed in the altercation; then Molly Morden avenges the execution of Alex by stabbing Tonder; and at the end the resistance symbol is fully amplified in Mayor Orden's unyielding words before his death and in the dynamite which is dropped in parachutes by the Allies. The story leaves a sharp impression of intensifying and ultimately victorious resistance by the occupied peoples to the usurper.

And this conflict generates opposite reactions in the free people and the fascists. The former grow stronger as human beings, as the portrait of Mayor Orden demonstrates. They become unified. They link their struggle with that of other peoples. Their sabotage becomes more and more effective. But this process is seen in reverse among the Nazis. They begin to distrust the news from home. They begin to lose their nerve. The sophisticated army veteran Lanser realizes that resistance increases the need for repression, and that every act of repression breeds more overwhelming resistance. Lanser carries out his orders but he remembers Belgium in the last war. Lieutenant Tonder breaks down hysterically: "The enemy's everywhere! Every man, every woman, even children! The enemy's everywhere! Their faces look out of doorways. The white faces behind the curtains, listening. We have beaten them, we have won everywhere, and they wait, and obey, and wait." The engineer is constantly rebuilding the bridge and the track that won't stay put. And the tension that grows among these men is the tension of the doomed, while the steady determination of the villagers is that of the inevitable victors.

IN THE NEW NOVEL by Franz Weiskopf we get a similarly interesting picture of the invader in less allegorical terms. Since I want to deal at greater length with *Dawn Breaks* next week, I shall mention here only the fact that Weiskopf has skillfully portrayed both the over-all character of the invading force and the differentiated types that represent this force.

The mass terror of the enemy is suggested on a number of levels: Peter Novomesky's recollections of a concentration camp, Anna's description of the horrible murder of her husband, the bitter life of the peasants, and so on. Simultaneously, we get the sensuous and cynical Elite Guard Captain Degenfeld; the pompous Nazi patriot Koester; the Hlinka Guard Vydra who is used against his own

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people; the peasant jailer who fights on the side of the Nazis through fear. Human beings all, but massed under the banner of barbarism.

The problem of creating the resisters is equally complex. All three novels give only a limited sense of character development among the positive types, and I think there is a special reason in each case. Ling Tan of *Dragon Seed* develops a consciousness of the need for struggle in the first half of the book; in the second half he has a static quality, and much the same is true of Jade, Ling Tao, and the others. Steinbeck's Alex Morden, Dr. Winter, and Mayor Orden have a limited dimension. Weiskopf takes his characters at the point of their full development as they prepare for a supreme struggle. The reason in Miss Buck's case is that the characters remain almost exclusively attached to the idea of holding on to their plot of land; they do not continue to move into the full stream of the national liberation fight. Steinbeck is limited by the parable technique, which demands that each figure stand for a single idea. Weiskopf is primarily concerned not with vacillating types but with conscious anti-fascists who know their purpose and how to achieve it.

I POINT to this absence of complex character development not to deplore but to describe a fact that all war-novelists must reckon with. Depicting the war, in the very heat of war, raises a serious problem for the artist. Obviously, the situation is a rapidly changing one. The novelist cannot have the perspective on his war theme that Sholokhov achieves in *The Silent Don,* let alone the perspective of Tolstoy in *War and Peace.* He has, of course, the choice of waiting till the end of the war before writing about it; but that is running away from a problem, not meeting it. It is the height of wisdom for the novelist to accept the limitations imposed by reality and to seek forms that will be most fruitful within these limitations. This is exactly what Barbusse did in *Under Fire,* where he skillfully used the technique of day-to-day observation. Highly concentrated forms, such as Steinbeck's story-drama or Weiskopf's short narrative, indicate a sound approach to the problem of wartime novels about the war. They point the way, rather hopefully, I think, to a break with the conventionally overstuffed novel, at least for the duration.

As the war develops, we should have books dealing with active military struggle at the front. We should have books that depict the transforming process by which civilians are fully mobilized in the free countries. Many writers are doubtless working on these themes. In the meantime we have a memorable group of books on the V-front. These books reflect, in terms of high art, that "international of the spirit" which Gorky once defined as the essence of culture. They are works that will be understood and treasured by the unconquered of all lands.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

FATEFUL LIGHTNING

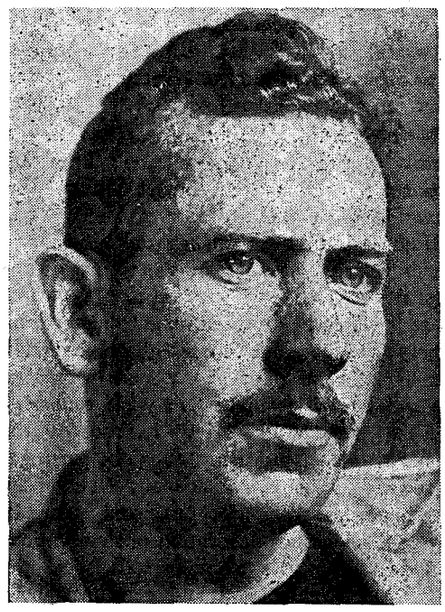
THE MOON IS DOWN, *by John Steinbeck. Viking. $2.*

IT IS difficult for me to think of John Steinbeck's new book, *The Moon is Down,* as a novel—not because it is not one, but simply because the play structure is so clear. The same thing was true of that gem of human understanding, *Of Mice and Men,* in its book form. In a sense it was true even of *The Grapes of Wrath.* Steinbeck sees in human pictures rather than in human processes. He is a painter rather than a composer.

Every sentence of this compressed and succinct little book is worth reading in its own right. It is easy to see how many sentences could have been added but not how one could have been taken away. These perfect sentences, made up of words packed to the brim with meaning, present a situation rather than a development and a situation very much of the moment in human lives today. The whole, taken together, is a description, through people, of what happens when an ordinary everyday little town, which might be anywhere just now, is taken by the Nazis.

But Steinbeck spends his matchless skill not so much upon the conquered as the conquerors, and here is the book's subtlety. For we all know the conquered very well. Plenty of other writers have told us about them, but more than that we know them because they are like most of us. We can more easily imagine them as ourselves than we can imagine ourselves the Nazis.

The conquerors, therefore, are new material. We have been told before what they are like from the outside, but not what they are like from the inside. We know what they do, but we have not known why they do it, or how they feel while they are doing it. How do men feel when they take over a handful of innocent, uncomprehending villagers in the name of a victorious but distant Leader? In a few hard, clear strokes Steinbeck makes these men human. Even the most military-minded is revealed as essentially a little man, pitiable in his simplicity. But sentimentality is escaped by the sternness with which it is made clear that in this very simplicity is danger, because this simplicity is so single and so blind.



John Steinbeck

The conflict in this play of human beings is not between conquerors and conquered but between the various types of men in the occupying forces. Some of these men are contemptible and some are more worthy of respect. The only really detestable man in the book is Corell, the quisling, and the conquerors detest him as much as the villagers do, despising the tool they have to use. The break-down, the final disintegration is not in the subdued but continually resisting villagers, it is in the conquerors themselves, who after all are not quite ruthless enough for the job they have undertaken for their Leader. These Nazi men, with fair intentions toward loyalty, cannot nevertheless eliminate all their human characteristics, even though these are not necessarily always humane. In short, even the Nazis are compelled to be men, as they were born. This is their weakness.

And now every reader of this perfect little book must long to see it upon the stage where it belongs. These men and women move and speak and arrange themselves as actors ready and waiting with their parts. Perhaps one of Steinbeck's greatest gifts is his unique ability to unite two techniques so skillfully, that of the novel and the play. He has never done it better than he has here.

PEARL S. BUCK.

Reactionary Day-Dream

THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION, *by James Burnham. The John Day Co., $2.50.*

EVERY so often a book achieves importance less for its competence than because it meets the needs of an interested section of society. Such is *The Managerial Revolution,* by James Burnham, an ex-Trotskyite, whose only difference with his master lies in the fact that he states openly certain conclusions which the former preferred, for practical reasons, to leave unsaid. For this boldness the pages—if not the gates—of *Fortune* magazine are opened to him. He is praised by such enemies of international collaboration against Hitler as John Chamberlain and Stuart Chase. *Business Week* and the *New Leader* are enthusiastic over his grim vision. Quincy Howe advertises his ideas in conjunction with his radio news analyses. Burnham's own voice has been recently heard on the Town Forum of the Air, while his book is much discussed by ambitious anti-union college professors dreaming of power.

Burnham's thesis is simple. The old profit system—capitalism—is on its way out. A new period of revolutions is ushered in, of struggles for political power and control of the

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instruments of production. In the course of this struggle the property relations of capitalism will be replaced by those of a new order. The coming of that new order is as inevitable as was the victory of the bourgeoisie over the feudal hierarchy, and it will take much less time. Burnham's account of the rise and decay of capitalism needs only one supplementary note, namely that it is borrowed lock, stock, and barrel from various economic historians, of whom Karl Marx is not the least. (This is far from making him a Marxist, however, as we shall see presently.)

The decline of one class presupposes the emergence and triumph of another. Here the author begs to differ with Marx and Lenin. Not the proletariat but the "managerial class" is his candidate for the near future. What does this class comprise? The operating executives, production managers, and plant superintendents in industry; the administrators, bureau heads, and commissioners in the state apparatus; and, finally, the "labor managers" or trade union leaders. Disillusioned by the incapacity of industrial and finance capitalists, and equipped with a planning mentality which cannot tolerate the greed and slipshod methods of absentee owners, the managers have already begun to snatch the means of production from under the very noses of the present ruling class. They intend to run things on an efficient, non-profit basis, and to exact unquestioned obedience from the managed—the rest of the population—presumably for the latter's own good. Their reward will be nothing more than a greater share of the distributed products. According to Burnham it is quite useless to protest, and superfluous to welcome, this development. Moral questions and wish fulfillments are not involved. It is all a matter of facts and figures.

So we come to the facts and figures. There are none. Here is a serious work in political science which pretends to refute Marx and Lenin. Excepting two shaky references, with which I shall deal, it offers no evidence, no statistics, no bibliography, not even an index, so paltry is its documentation. For *Weltschmertz,* swallow Dr. Burnham's *Managerial Revolution,* a bitters composed of imagination and medieval logic.

Nevertheless, Dr. Burnham has found earthly homes for his managers. They are Germany, Italy, and the Soviet Union. The New Deal in the United States, he says, is a "primitive" form of managerial usurpation which will be extended in the course of the present war. We may assume that the charteristics which he finds germane to managerial society will be found in all these countries. Let us see what some of these characteristics are and which are present in what countries.

First, managerial society has solved the problem of unemployment. It is not pertinent to inquire by what methods, say whether by war materials production or forced labor. In any case, no serious dislocation or deprivations will result, as the planners will solve the problem of agricultural and consumer-goods underproduction by—planning.

Second, the parliamentary system is succeeded by the rule of political managers who in no way resemble the old-time ward heelers and flowing-tie congressmen. They will manipulate and dispose of masses of people as an engineer designs the operation of cranes and forges, dispassionately and wisely. If their decisions seem to be regardless of individual human beings, we can only shrug our shoulders. So it must be. The new order.

Third, the state assumes control of private property in the means of production and becomes itself the greatest producer. Expert bureaucrats replace the financial oligarchy and take over the mines, mills, and farms of the nation. According to Burnham, the Soviet Five Year Plan, Hitler's *war economy,* the TVA, and the creation of great government agencies under Roosevelt are signs of the managerial revolution in different stages of progress. He says that it would be incorrect to call this interference of the state with private enterprise state capitalism. The profit motive disappears once the capitalists are alienated from the means of production. All that the managers require is preferential distribution of cars, houses, food, clothing, and perfumes.

Fourth, managerial society will develop incomparably more efficient ways of exploiting the "backward" colonial peoples. Asia, Africa, and South America will be opened to a new era of "development."

Lastly, three super-states are expected to emerge from the present world situation. These will control all those areas which "belong" to them by right of Dr. Burnham's logical economics. They are the United States, Germany, and Japan. The Soviet Union will be split in two, the western half of it falling into the Teutonic sphere of managerial influence, and the Asiatic part being drawn irresistibly toward the technical staff of the Rising Sun. The German-Soviet war has only served to strengthen Dr. Burnham's prophetic faith. He will admit perhaps that a few details in his shape of things to come "ain't necessarily so." The grand outlines remain.

One could smile at this pretentious mixture of Trotsky and Mother Goose. One would, however, have to ignore the meaning, the influence, and the reasons for the influence of such a book. For here is a typical demagogic instrument—one that is all things to all men. It offers jobs to the unemployed on the condition that they surrender their human rights. It abolishes, in theory, democratic representation for the benefit of the fascists, tells the people that socialism does not exist in the Soviet Union, nor capitalism in Germany, and joins the reactionaries in claiming that the TVA and WPA are revolutionary steps whose ultimate aim is the destruction of the present system. It tries to shake the confidence of the American people, and of workers particularly, in trade union leadership. It takes for granted the defeat and dismemberment of the Soviet Union and sticks a second knife into our own war effort by asserting that victory must lead to the overthrow of democ-

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racy. Dr. Burnham may protest as much as he pleases that all this is "unscientific" and "subjective," and that he is merely describing what is happening, not what he desires. He likes to pose as a high priest of history. Unfortunately for him, the gaping errors and falsifications in his "analysis" betray him. His objective role is as an apologist for fascism, an enemy of the Soviet Union, and a contemner of democracy.

The theoretical assumption upon which Burnham builds his new world is that the appearance of the state in private enterprise spells the doom of capitalism. By identifying all capitalism with its nineteenth century *laissez-faire* form, he simply ignores the nature of imperialism, and tries to pretend that it is some sort of transition form to his managerial society. Now, as Lenin showed, the regulation of and fusion of business with the state is basic to the imperialist stage of capitalism. "State monopoly in capitalist society is nothing more than a means of guaranteeing the income of millionaires on the verge of bankruptcy in one branch of industry or another." (Lenin's *Imperialism*).

At this point we might as well dispose of Burnham's favorite example of managerial society, Hitler Germany. He avers that state intervention is making a rapid end of the capitalist mode of production, of the profit system. Corporations are passing out of the hands of their owners, profits are falling to the zero point. Let us see what truth there is in this pretty picture, using as a test case the example of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, the biggest steel trust in Europe.

"In 1932, when the directors of the (German Steel) Trust were in difficulties, the German government purchased the control block of shares of the Gelsenkirchen Mining Co., by which the state obtained control over the Steel Trust. The shares were purchased at a price far exceeding the market price on the pretext that it was done to prevent them from falling into foreign hands. In 1933 the fascist government, under pressure of the manufacturers, brought about the 'reorganization' of the trust, as a result of which the government lost the position in the trust which it had acquired by purchasing the shares. The reorganization, which took the form of technical and production decentralization and the formation of thirteen separate companies, actually increased the role of the leading men in the trust. . . . The outcome of these two operations, each of which was carried out on the plea of protecting 'public interests' was that the government made a present to the leaders of the steel trust of the nice round sum of 100,000,000 marks." (*New Data on Lenin's Imperialism,* by E. Varga and L. Mendelsohn. International Publishers.)

Similarly, the "Hapag-Lloyd, biggest steamship concern in Germany, which was on the verge of bankruptcy in 1932, received a government subsidy of 40,000,000 marks and guaranteed credits to the amount of 70,000,000 marks. These funds enabled the company to avoid bankruptcy." (Ibid). Not so long

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ago Hapag-Lloyd was handed back in its entirety to private ownership, all profits clear.

Very strange. Burnham's managerial vision is repudiated by his own managerial favorites, the Nazis!

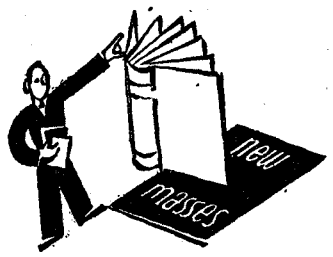
Now as to profit itself. Burnham quotes "a New York statistician" as estimating the share of the German national income going to profits and interest as a mere five percent, the greater part of which is taken by the state as taxes and appropriations. This figure is "in any case, not reliable," says Dr. Burnham coyly, to make us think that the German capitalists are even worse off than his single-entry bookkeeper claims. "Not reliable" is a cute euphemism for lying.

On Feb. 11, 1941, NEW MASSES published an article by G. S. Jackson, entitled "Germany's Real Rulers." The statistics used therein were taken from *Moody's Industrials,* a standard economic reference work. These showed that in 1938 the amount earned by the fifteen largest concerns on invested capital, in Germany and the United States was 7.7 percent and 5.6 percent respectively. By 1939 the figure for six of the German giant firms had risen to 8 percent on invested capital. The percentage of profit paid out in the form of dividends by the same companies was 81.6 percent for the Americans and 87.7 percent for the Germans. Also, for Burnham's information, German profits are not calculated before but after the payment of taxes and other social contributions. Since the war these profits have risen enormously, thanks to the famous "cost plus" system adopted by the Hitler regime.

As for big business' loss of control of its holdings, ninety percent of the persons who were prominent on the boards of directors of the twenty-five largest industrial concerns, banks, and insurance companies before Hitler are still in control of these very same companies. Perhaps they have been knighted "managers" by Hitler. Is this capitalism or not, Dr. Burnham?

A last note on Germany. Burnham makes much of the liquidation of unemployment in that paradise. Any man on the street could tell him that this is not due to the Hitlerite economic system, but to the armament industry, forced labor and military "employment," and that these have reduced the German people and those of the occupied countries to boundless poverty. In addition one may mention the neat device of excluding militant workers and Jews from the category of employable citizens. If they are not employable, they cannot be unemployed.

It is hard to take Burnham's remarks about the Soviet Union seriously. Here his "managerial revolution" becomes nothing but a myth-making machine. He wilfully confuses socialism ("from each according to his abilities to each according to his *deeds")* with Communism ("from each according to his abilities to each according to his needs"). This permits him to claim that inequality of income in the USSR denotes class distinctions, the higher paid bureau heads forming a ruling



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class. For this theory he drags in his second statistical reference—Trotsky! In late 1939 the latter suddenly announced that the upper eleven percent or twelve percent of the Soviet population receives fifty percent of the national income, a slander which E. Varga states is so ridiculous that it is not worthwhile to polemise against it:

"Even if we were to include the whole of the teaching and medical personnel, etc. in the 'bureaucracy,' the income of all of them together amounts at the most to twenty-five percent of the total amount of wages. (Estimated according to *Labor in the USSR,* Moscow, 1936). The total amount of wages is only a part of the national income, as the accumulated part of the yearly production of industry and the income of the whole of the peasantry is not included in it." E. Varga, *Two Systems. Socialist Economy and Capitalist Economy.*

Perhaps Dr. Burnham can explain why, if the Soviet Union is a managerial society, some Stakhanovites earn more than the directors of the plants in which they work, and why Stalin praised the Stakhanovites for being "free of the conservatism and stagnation of certain engineers, technicians, and business executives," managers, in other words?

And why, if managerial states must exploit backward peoples, are Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, and Azerbaijan not colonies of Great Russia, but Soviet Socialist Republics?

Alas, Dr. Burnham will not answer. He is too busy proving that the Stakhanovites are haggard slaves of a devilish speed-up system, that huge hordes of victims of Stalin's displeasure are whipped yearly from Moscow to Vladivostok and back again, and that the Moscow trials were held to allow the "early leaders" to perform "an important ritual act (suicide. C.H.) in establishing the mass attitudes of managerial society and in strengthening the foundations of the managerial institutions." (Sic, every word of it.) Does the progress of the war make him blush for his gravitational theory of the partition of the USSR? Not a bit. He fully expects Germany to win.

The most significant part of Burnham's book is, however, devoted to the United States. Significant because it is so ominously untrue. He forecasts a managerial revolution in this country, to be hastened by the present war. Control over the giant industries of America is supposed to be falling from the hands of the decadent capitalists, who prefer to lie on the sands of Palm Beach while their underpaid executives run their plants and banks. Little by little, the operators are prying the drones loose and capturing the factories. They are in a position to deny access to the means of production to their effete bosses. (I can't figure out what this means, unless it is that the plant superintendent can close the gate on J. P. Morgan if he doesn't like his face.) Therefore, if ownership implies control, control implies ownership. Presto, the company has changed hands. With this brilliant display of logic by a professor of logic, Dr. Burnham

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constructs his Horatio Alger version of the American future, with enterprising Bill Knudsen relacing Nick, the shoeshine boy.

The brilliant monographs produced by the Senate Temporary National Economic Committee on the concentration of economic power tell a different tale. Monograph twenty-nine lists the various ways in which ownership of the 200 largest non-financial corporations is distributed, such as stock ownership, voting trusts, non-voting stocks, stocks with multiple voting rights, pyramided capital structures holding company systems and control of the proxy machinery. The conclusion is drawn:

"Ownership of voting stock remains the basic, the stablest and the most secure vehicle of control. The high degree of concentration of ownership found in this study must, therefore, be regarded as the minimum of control over the 200 largest non-financial American corporations, exercised by a small number of large stockholders."

Thus, in almost all these corporations the responsible managers are still the servants of the large stockholders and exercise control over the property entrusted to their care no less and no more than a good steward controls his master's estate. Where then are those ideal figures of Dr. Burnham's, in whose persons management and ownership are identical? Do they exist? Yes. They are Henry Ford and William Randolph Hearst!

Now the pattern is clear. Now we can understand why Dr. Burnham is so concerned to make us believe that the French masses "rejoiced at Munich," and that selective service is necessary because American youth will not respond to "slogans drawn from the capitalist ideologies." Now we can understand why Big Business as Usual does not shudder at this fire-eating applicant for a job. For what is the real, not the Burnhamian, class position of the managers, with whom Burnham identifies himself and whom he admires for the "very considerable assurance in their whole bearing"? These high executives, production men and administrators belong to the upper middle class and most of them are entirely at one with the methods and aims of existing monopoly capitalism. They have no interests separate from those of their employers, and desire nothing more that to prosper by the present system, whether in private industry or through the state apparatus.

Burnham's thesis is nothing but an incitement of them to counter-revolution. Like the proto-fascist philosopher, Pareto, prophet of the "Elite," he conjures up the myth of the managers ruling the people who cannot rule themselves. To the workers he roars: there is nothing to do but to put yourselves in the hands of masters who will run the world for you. To the managers: Supermen, we are the instruments of destiny. But to the big bourgeoisie he whispers that "its own interest dictates that it should be delivered from the danger of governing in its own name . . . that in order to save its purse it must abandon the crown, and the sword that is to safeguard it must at the same time be hung over its own head like the sword of Damocles."* Dr. Burnham unsheathes his shining blade and awaits orders.

But Dr. Burnham is no Bonaparte. He is not even a Hitler. He is just a modern Don Quixote. He may evoke fiery dreams in the heads of a few chivalrous book reviewers. He may wander across the pages of business publications, like a befuddled rider on a vast, unfamiliar plain. But if he tries to charge the American people on his white nag, they will lift him up to the clouds and leave him dangling.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

* That is, he might, if he had read less Trotsky and more Marx. The quote is from *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte.*

Business as Usual

DAWN OF VICTORY, *by Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. $2.75.*

ABOUT half of Fischer's latest opus is a routine sketch of England in wartime, dotted with several thumbnail portraits of leading British personalities. Then comes a chapter which should be entitled "I Still Hate Stalin." It clings to the time withered thesis that the purges "deprived the Red Army of its best talent." The temper of these pages is revealed in a snide reference to Joseph E. Davies as the man "who occasionally visited Russia when he was United States Ambassador to Moscow." A promising chapter on "America's New Role in World Affairs" is crippled by the assumption that Britain and the United States, especially the latter, will and should make all the postwar decisions.

In "The Strategy of Victory" the book reaches a climax. The chapter is a classic example of coffee-house strategy. Field Marshal Fischer would have us wait until we have 50,000 bombers, enough to permit literally uninterrupted bombing of Germany by 3,000 planes operating day and night for sixty days. Only after this softening process would he permit the decisive invasion. Of course, "The Shape of the Peace to Come" is somewhat obscure when seen through the smoke of all those bombings. There is a plea for a non-vindictive peace, but the principles on which the permanency of the settlement is to rest are either missing from Fischer's analysis or so nebulous as to forbid serious consideration.

AMOS MORGAN.

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SHOSTAKOVICH'S SEVENTH WONDER

Leningrad's world-famous fire-warden completes his new symphony. Alexei Tolstoy writes that the composer "has put his ear to his country's heart and has given us a song of triumph."

Moscow (by cable).

THE orchestra of the Moscow Bolshoi Theater gathered in the large foyer for rehearsal. Its conductor, Samosud, removed his jacket. Behind him was Shostakovich with an eager look in his eyes. A small audience in the balcony tensely watched every move. Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony is devoted to the triumph of the humane in man. Let us try to follow Shostakovich's line of thought as he wrote this music in the grim, dark Leningrad nights of bursting shells and surging flames.

At the beginning of this war a friend said me, "Within humanity are concealed forces of destruction and we don't know whether in the future man will stand at the head of the living world. May it not happen that mankind will be wiped out and more perfect creatures, perhaps some sort of gigantic ants, will take his place?" My friend was simply discouraged—Hitler had turned man away from the temples of music, from the magnificent stillness of libraries and laboratories, to the days of savagery. But Hitler couldn't scare Shostakovich. Shostakovich is a man with a temper who, when angered, is capable of actually fantastic things. To fascism's threat to dehumanize man, he replied with a symphony of triumph, all that is lofty and beautiful, all that is created by humanitarian culture.

The Seventh Symphony originated from the conscience of the Russian people who, without hesitation, entered into the life and death battle against Hitler. Although written in Leningrad, it is a specimen of world art that will be understood everywhere because it speaks the truth. The symphony is simple for all its complex music. It is grim and yet lyrical, a symphony of the future, of new vistas that open up beyond the victory of man over beast. The violins sing of a stormless quiet fraught with danger. Within this quiet are irreconcilable antagonisms and from these spring the symphony's theme of war — brief, laconic, clear-cut, and firm. The national element in the symphony is provided by Shostakovich, by his angered Russian conscience. He introduces the theme of war quietly, almost stealthily. Then like a gale it grows and swells. You hear the roar of war in fanfares and drums, its suffering and despair in the music of the violins. Then the string instruments begin to sound more loudly; the harmony of the violins proves mightier than the beating of the drums. And the listener's heart beats in unison with that triumph of harmony. Shostakovich has put his ear to the country's heart and has given us a song of triumph. Such were my feelings as I listened to the Seventh Symphony being played by the orchestra at the Bolshoi Theater.

And the violins put harmony into this chaos of war, they made its cavelike roar recede. No longer do we hear this goading dance of hate. The bows are dropped and many violinists have tears in their eyes. There is only the thoughtful, stern voice of the bassoon sounding after so much loss and calamity. There's no return to the stormless calm. Before man, who has gained wisdom in suffering, lies a new path. Blood has been shed for words of beauty. This beauty isn't merely amusement or holiday attire. It is the reshaping and subduing of savagery by the mind and hands of man. The symphony just touches, just drifts across, the great past of humanity's progress. One part of it is renaissance, resurrection of beauty from ashes and ruins. But the symphony's concluding part takes you into the future, the magnificent world with its ideas and passions. It is worth living for and fighting for. With growing tenseness you await the finale. Breathlessly you follow the chords of the violins, and with the harmonic storm of the orchestra you are carried on to beautiful cities and mountain summits of the future.

ALEXEI TOLSTOY.

An Unusual Play

Orchids to "Johnny Doodle" . . . Barrie revival is no fun.

THE Broadway theater has been pretty nearly dead this season, so it is a distinct pleasure to report that the theater which flourishes off Broadway these days is showing signs of considerable vitality.

A case in point is the Popular Theater's new show, *Johnny Doodle*. You are expected to get into your limousine and go up to 320 West 57th Street, where for a moderate price you may see an unusual experiment in theater, written by Jane McLeod and Alfred Saxe (and directed by the latter). Lan Adomian provided the incidental music, Felicia Sorel created the dances, and an energetic cast of professional and non-professional young people is working its head off to entertain the audiences. What's more, it is succeeding.

This show—and it cannot be called a play, a musical revue, or even a charade, although it possesses attributes of all—attempts to illuminate the American people's fight for freedom from 1776 to 1942, as exemplified in their songs. This is no small task, and the measure of success achieved is an earnest of the imagination and hard work that went into the effort.

For such a task you must begin with a device, and the device in this instance involves Captain Johnny Doodle's 1942 ferry boat, which takes its assorted passenger list of average Americans for a ride down the highways of the past. This is not a particularly ingenious device, and it can become tedious, but shrewd cutting and the creation of some new transitions (by way of music or dialogue) will eliminate most of its clumsiness.

What does emerge, however, is the spirit and temper of our American past. An episodic dramatic form that is generally successful welds together the various crises through which our nation has passed (the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, the opening of the West, the present world war against fascism), and presents them for your reminiscence and your inspiration. It is an exciting and a nostalgic pageant of people and problems, humorous, shrewd, dramatic, touching, all in one.

The characters aboard Captain Doodle's boat are both spectators and actors in the passing drama of the years. They work with no scenery and almost no props—a few old hats, coats, boxes, and barrels—and when they need sound effects they create them themselves. The evocation of mood that springs from these slim resources is astonishing. The audience, before very long, hankers to participate more actively in the scene, and it was all they could do, the first night, to stay in their seats during the old-fashioned square dance.

The materials of this show have been gathered from the authentic ballads of American history, and it is good to hear them again —"Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier," "Hey Betty Martin," "The Constitution and the Guerriere," the Bennington rifle song, the Erie Canalers' "Mule Named Sal," "The Wreck of the '97," "The Tarrier's Song," all these—as well as the new ones supplied by balladeers like Earl Robinson and the Almanacs, make one proud of being an American, and root us once more into past and present.

For *Johnny Doodle* ends right in the trenches on Wake Island, where the trade unionists drop their picks and shovels to man the machine-guns of the Marine Corps. The continuity of America's desire for freedom, and her determination to maintain it, are present in every line of the script, and the result of the totality is inspiring. Also, fun.

Art Smith, formerly of the Group Theater, is in the title role. Mr. Smith is a shrewd performer who stamps everything he does with authenticity. The cast, playing like a true collective, assumes its innumerable roles

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(everybody playing half a dozen at the least) with ease and charm. Notable are the performances of Tom Pedi who is a clown of no mean accomplishments, John Marley, Anne Gold, Frank Overton, Colin Craig (watch this boy), John O'Shaughnessy (who can become Abe Lincoln with the assistance of nothing more than an overhead spotlight), and Marian Kopp.

Please see *Johnny Doodle*. You'll have fun.

EVEN if it is still running when this is printed, you will have *no* fun at Sir James M. Barrie's ancient treacle-bazaar, *A Kiss for Cinderella.* It remains a minor mystery why the shrewd Miss Cheryl Crawford chose to produce the thing (through "arrangement with Paramount Pictures") or why the talented Miss Luise Rainer consented to appear in it.

This is a World War I version of the Cinderella story (quite literal) which successfully destroys the charm of the children's original. Also, the current producers have chosen to jazz up the old hack, inserting topical references to Winston Churchill, Chinese refugee children, *The White Cliffs of Dover,* or what have you. A great deal of good money went into this production that might more profitably have been used to purchase defense bonds and stamps. Lee Strasberg, the director, could do very little with the job.

And there was Miss Luise Rainer. Miss Rainer is an actress although she does not seem to know it, and is doing her best to avoid the obligations of her art. Her very considerable talent is manifest at almost all times, but why she insists upon adulterating by popping her eyes, constant double-take laughter, and the weirdest sort of anatomical posturing, only Miss Rainer could tell us. If she could, for a moment or so, forget her Viennese training, Miss Elizabeth Bergner, and Miss Luise Rainer, she would be a very fine actress in her own right.

Ralph Forbes contributed a very earnest portrait of the policeman-Prince Charming of Cinderella's dream. It looked for a time as though he were doing his best not to burst into hysterics, but he succeeded in controlling himself. Which was noble effort expended in an unworthy cause. Cecil Humphreys, Le Roi Operti, four charming little girls, Edith King, and a shapely damsel who impersonated the Venus de Milo (with Minsky variations) also ran.

ALVAH BESSIE.

★

THE Studio Theater, the Piscator group housed at the New School for Social Research, has chosen as its first production of the year *Nathan the Wise,* Lessing's classic plea for racial and religious equality. Hitler burned this play in 1933 and Ferdinand Bruckner, who translated and adapted it for the current presentation, is an anti-Nazi refugee. Thus, within the context of contemporary events, the play is invested with an added importance. It defines the contrast between two Germanys and serves to remind the world that the cultural atmosphere which produced Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, and Heine will yet triumph over Nazi blackness.

Nathan the Wise is placed within Jerusalem at the time of the Third Crusade. Nathan, a well-to-do Jewish merchant, has lost his four sons and wife in a pogrom and is now living with Rahel, an adopted daughter of Christian parentage whom he brings up in the Jewish faith. Through the years he has kept her real parentage a secret from all but the girl's Christian companion. When it is finally discovered by a Knight Templar who has fallen in love with Rahel, the conflict develops and all the violent issues of the period are joined. For Nathan's deception is held as a high crime by the laws of both the Imperial state and the "Church Militant," immediately punishable by death.

This simple story and its characters provide the basis for Lessing's passionate, moving arguments for harmony and understanding. With rare poetic insight he calls for "Man's vision of man," a true humanism that encompasses all the nobility and dignity of which man is capable. In one of the best scenes of the play, Nathan, who is pleading for his life in the court of the Sultan, ruler of Jerusalem, argues that the salvation of mankind rests on humility, forbearance, tolerance, and love. This credo Lessing offers as the means of combating arrogance, bigotry, bestiality.

Properly speaking, *Nathan the Wise* is a play more by definition than by structure, and the language is more literary than dramatic. Nevertheless—and despite some mystical overtones—the play has an undeniable impact due to the eloquence of the language as well as to the staging, lighting, and acting. Herbert Berghof as Nathan does a consistently effective job. Occasionally, excessive use of the hands tends to mar the simplicity of his lines, but in the main his compassionate characterization gives his Nathan substance and persuasiveness. Olive Deering is sensitive and forthright as the adopted daughter, and Alfred Ryder does the Knight Templar with spirit and understanding. One of the finest moments of the evening occurs when they first meet, anguished by the religious antagonisms of their time. James Light, who several years ago was regarded as the coming director of the Broadway theater, contributed a solid piece of staging done in fine taste. Others of the cast, including Bettina Cerf as the companion to the daughter, Bram Nossen as the enlightened Sultan, and Ross Mathew as a lay Brother, all do well by Lessing. I understand that this production is scheduled for a limited run. Some uptown producer could do worse for the theater than to give this company a Broadway showing.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

"Zola" Revival

Muni's magnificent portrait returns to the screen.

THE film of the week, unmistakably, is the revived *Zola.* One of the Muni gallery of historical portraits, *Zola* suffers from clumsy construction, wasting much time in an episodic summary of Zola's earlier years; once it gets down to its real business, however, it is magnificent. And its real business, of course, is the Dreyfus case.

Zola was forced to choose, as our entire world is forced to choose, between capitulation to the oppressor and resistance. In Zola's case capitulation would have been comfortable and safe; he had only to sink smugly into middle age, keeping his mouth shut. Resistance was lonely, hazardous, unrewarded. By fighting for Dreyfus Zola risked losing his position as an author, his friends, his freedom, his very life in a France excited to the point of violence. Nevertheless, he wrote *J'Accuse!* The tremendously dramatic history of the Dreyfus trials is admirably handled in the film; Muni's Zola, though it relies rather too much on external mannerisms, is competent acting, Sokoloff and Carnovsky are brilliant. Joseph Schildkraut's interpretation of Dreyfus has provided one of the immortal moments of the screen; the unforgettable scene in which, hardly daring to believe in his freedom, he leaves his prison cell.

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY," the Academy Award winner, has come in for some sharp adverse criticism; largely, it would seem, because it was not *The Stars Look Down.* Certainly John Ford's film lacked the fierce honesty of most of the latter picture; its issues were not as immediate, its photographic style far less realistic. But *How Green Was My Valley* did not attempt a study of contemporary mining. It was based on a novel of wistful nostalgia for the green days before monopoly capitalism really got going; its whole point was the gradual change in which the wages dwindled, the ruling class stiffened in its shell, and the valley substituted slag heaps for daffodils.

Thus it is unfair to criticize a film of the middle 1800's because it does not present 1940 mining conditions. Some people have objected because, in the film, the boss' son marries a miner's daughter. But the boss was a plain Welshman; he had recently emerged from the people, and he still felt closer to them than to the "foreign" English ruling class—most Welsh spoke English only with difficulty. The boss' son, however, was already developing into a fine gentleman, and his marriage was consequently unhappy. Another unfair criticism is the one that "miners don't sing"; they may not in Lancashire, but they certainly do in Wales, where music is the vital cultural activity of the entire population. That the "good old days" of the film were a little too good is true; but their milk and honey and daffodils were deliberately stressed to point up the contrast with the mining valley of today, buried under slag, pinched by starvation, and this stress is not only a justifiable but an indispensable artistic device. If *How Green Was My Valley* is considered in relation to its place and time, it appears not as a sentimentalization of mining life but as a bitter indictment of what mining towns have become in the last hundred years.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

March

20—I. W. O. Lodge 572, Gala concert and dance, benefit Allied medical aid, Caravan Hall, 59th St. and Park Ave.

20—Workers Bookshop, lecture, Major Milton Wolf, "Defense Will Not Win the War," 8 P.M., 50 E. 13th St.

20—New Theatre Center, Chez Liberty Cabaret, Sara Lee, Muni Diamond, Sam Gary and others, 135 W. 44th, 9 P.M.-2 A.M.

20—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, H. H. Lewis, Missouri farmer-poet, poems on sharecroppers, Commentators, Alfred Kreymborg, Gorden Friessen, 237 E. 61st, 8:30 P.M.

21—N.Y. Comm. to aid Southern Negro Youth Congress, Victory Benefit Ball, Earl Hines and orchestra. Royal Windsor Ballroom.

21—American Advertising Guild, "Allied Hop," program of folk dances, Malin Studios, 135 W. 44 St.

21—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, "Workers in Defense," Lyle Dowling, UERMWA, chairman, Mrs. Edgerton Parsons, Vice-Pres., Nat'l Council of Women, Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

22—Theatre Dance Company, New Series of Dance Recitals, direction of Benjamin Zemach, 430 6th Ave.

22—Workers School Forum, Israel Amter on the "Balance Sheet of the War," Irving Plaza, 7:30 P.M.

25—Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder, rally, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn speaker, Continental Auditorium, 982 Broad St., Newark, N. J., 8:30 P.M.

27—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, Dr. Harry Slochower will read from work dealing with Chaos of Standards in War Culture, commentators, Klaus Mann, Ralph Ellison, Franz Weiskopf, Chairman, Prof. Burgum, 237 E. 61st, 8:30 P.M.

28—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade Spring Dance, Webster Hall.

28-31—Martin Blaine Company, Musical Revue, "It's About Time," Tamiris, Laura Duncan, Arthur Elmer and others, Barbizon Plaza.

29—Annual I. W. O. Pageant and Dance, Paul Robeson, Guest Artist, Manhattan Center, 7:30 P.M.

31—I. L. D. Dinner Forum, Civil Rights in support of the war, Hotel Roosevelt.

April

5—NEW MASSES Art Auction, afternoon and evening—ACA Gallery.

8—Council on African Affairs, Paul Robeson, Pearl S. Buck, Dr. Max Yergan, others, Manhattan Center, 8:30 P.M.

12—NEW MASSES, Rally for Defense of New Masses and Freedom of the Press, distinguished speakers, distinctive entertainment, Manhattan Center, 2:30 P.M.

12—Lower West Bronx Russian War Relief, Concert and Dance Recital, William Howard Taft High School, Bronx, 8:15 P.M.

18—School for Democracy, Concert, "Music for a Free World," Town Hall.

25—Peter V. Cacchione Association of Bklyn., 1st annual ball, program. Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

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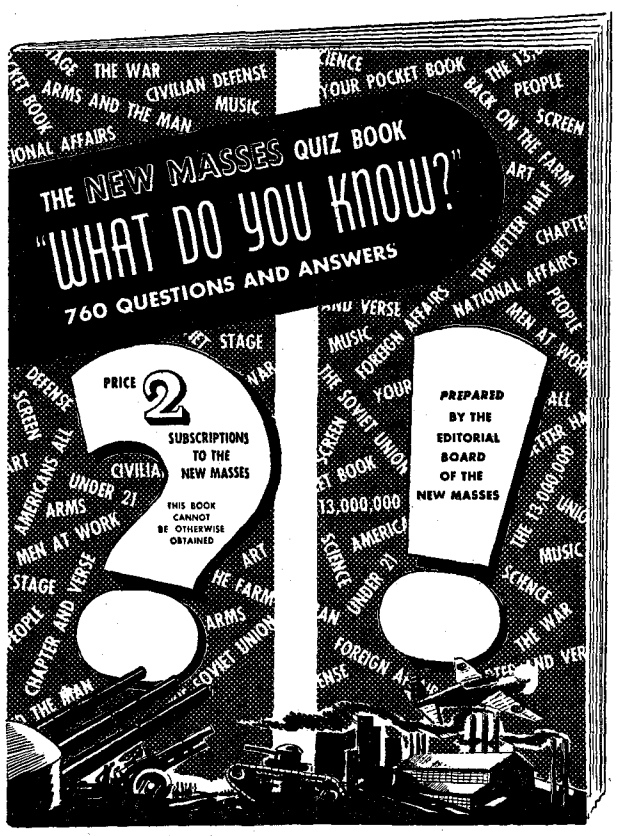
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